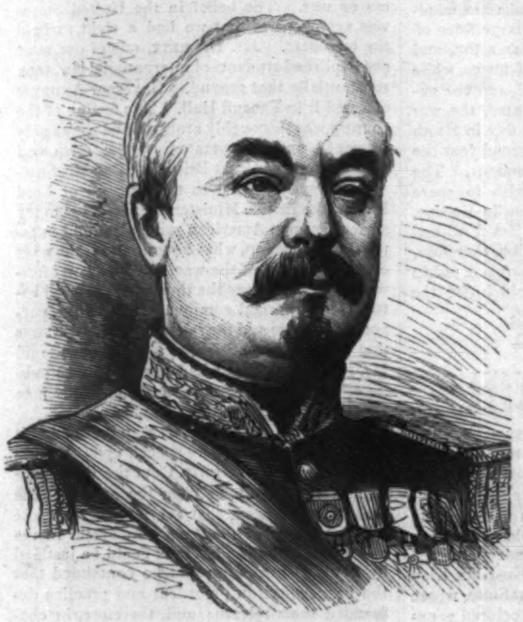
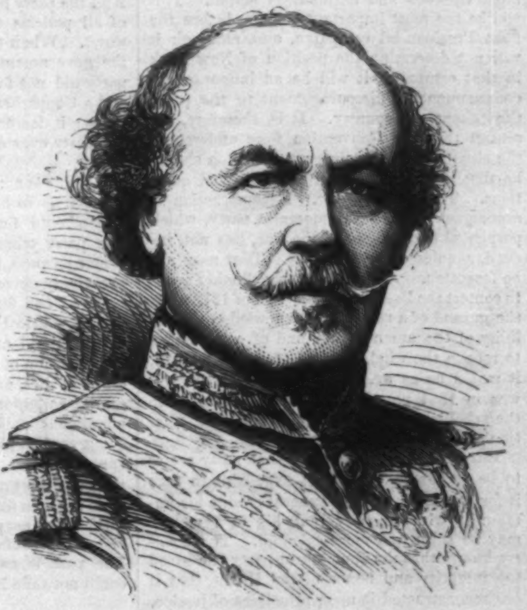
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIV.—No. 712.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

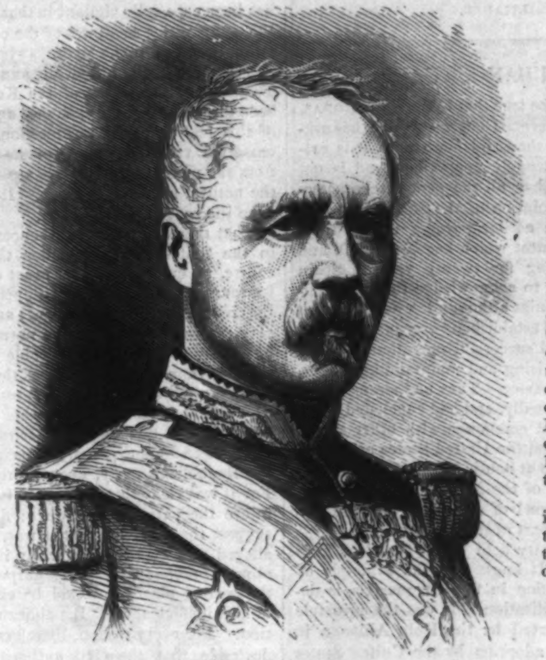
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



MARSHAL BAZAINE.



MARSHAL CANROBERT.



MARSHAL M'MAHON.

FRENCH COMMANDERS.

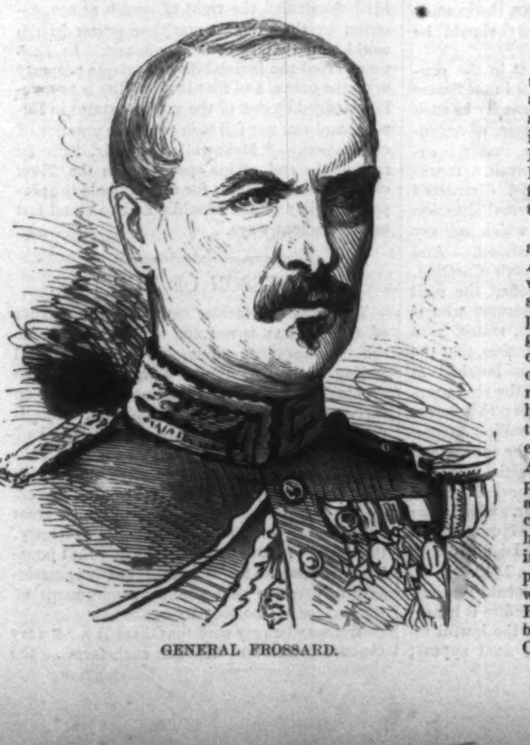
We give on this page the portraits of five of the most eminent of the French commanders now opposed to the Prussians along the Rhine. First in ability and renown is Marshal M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta, who was born at Sully, July 13, 1808. He is a descendant of an old Irish Catholic family, attached to the Stuarts. He entered the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, won his first laurels in Algeria, where he fought in numerous battles and minor engagements, and became conspicuous through his bravery and daring during the assault on Constantine. His superiority as a tactician became soon apparent, and was fully appreciated and rewarded by rapid advancement. His long career as a military commander in the colony, and his never-ceasing activity in behalf of the firm establishment of French authority in Northern Africa, were interrupted, for some time at least, by his recall to France in 1855. It was not, however, the intention of the government to let him remain inactive; he was, on the contrary, immediately assigned to the command of a division of infantry, forming part of the army under Marshal Bosquet. Here he laid the foundation of his military glory by the ever-memorable and successful assault on the Malakoff fortifications at Sebastopol, which had generally been considered impregnable. In 1857 he returned to Algeria, forced the revolting Kabyles into submission, and was soon after appointed commander-in-chief of all the French forces there on land and sea. The outbreak of the Italian war, in 1859, caused his return to France, when he was assigned to the command of the Second Corps of the Army of the Alps. The victory of Magenta has been mainly attributed to the brilliant action of Marshal M'Mahon, who was accordingly created Duke of Magenta on the field of battle.

Marshal Canrobert was born June 27, 1809. He was admitted to the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, which he left in 1828 to enter the 47th regiment of the line as Second Lieutenant, and soon after joined the military expedition to Mascara, fought bravely in several engagements against the hostile tribes in Northern Africa, and assisted at the storming of Constantine in 1837. He was sent back to France in 1839 for the purpose of forming a battalion for the foreign legion out of the dispersed bands of Carlists. He succeeded in this, and returned to Africa in 1841, where he was intrusted with the command of a battalion of chasseurs à pied and of the 64th regiment of the line, suppressed the rebellion of Bon Maza, and during eight months of desperate fighting forced most of the revolting tribes of Kabyles into submission. He was engaged in various parts of Northern Africa for nearly eight years, led some of the most daring and adventurous expeditions into the interior, and every where distinguished himself by his coolness, bravery, and quick adaptation to the warfare he had to resort to. Returning to France, he proved by his services to Louis Napoleon that he meant to be a firm supporter of the new régime, and in fact he has ever since been one of the stanchest friends and firmest adherents to the Second Empire. He was made General of Division in 1853, took part in the expedition to the Crimea, and when Marshal St. Arnaud felt his end approaching he transmitted the command of the entire French army to Canrobert. This was in accordance with an order given in a private letter by the Emperor Napoleon himself. Having won new laurels at the sanguinary battles of Inkermann, Balaklava, and Eupatoria, he conferred with Lord Raglan, commander of the British forces, and urged him to participate in an immediate assault on Sebastopol. The two commanders being unable to agree, and Lord Raglan sternly refusing to co-operate in the intended movement, Canrobert resigned in favor of General Pelissier, and left the Crimea two months after. During the Italian campaign, in 1859, he commanded the Third Army Corps, fought at Magenta, and afterward contributed most essentially to the decisive victory of the French army at the battle of Solferino.

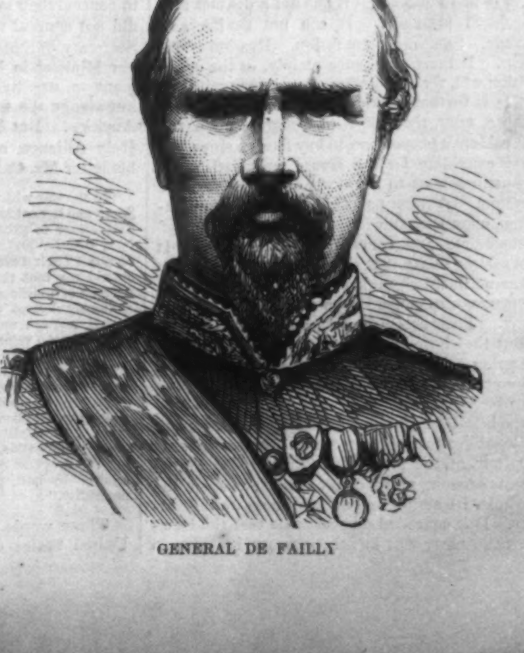
Marshal Bazaine was born February 13, 1811. He studied at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and entered the army in Africa when twenty years old. After six years of uninterrupted warfare against the Kabyles and other hostile tribes, he was assigned to the foreign legion, and sent into Spain in 1837 to suppress the Carlist movement in that country. He returned to Algeria in 1839, joined the expedition against Milianah and Morocco, and was for several years Governor of the Arabian subdivision of Tlemcen. During the Crimean war, where he was in command of a brigade of infantry, he is said to have distinguished himself by his bravery and by his talent for organization. When the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, Bazaine was made Governor of the place. He took no part in the campaign against Austria in 1859, but was intrusted with the command of the expedition to Mexico in 1862. The Emperor Napoleon, taking advantage of the civil war then raging in the United States, conceived the idea of establishing an empire at our southern frontier, hoping thus to prepare the way for the final supremacy of the Latin race on this continent. The attempt proved a failure. French pride was humiliated, and the army compelled to re-embark toward the close of 1866. As to the prominent part of Marshal Bazaine in this unlucky enterprise, it will be long remembered by the Mexican people. From the time of his landing at Vera Cruz until his hasty exit from the country of the Montezumas, he is known to have looked upon the Mexicans as a mongrel race of barbarians, to whom, however, he was only too ready to set an example of barbarism not equaled in civilized warfare.

General Frossard, commander of the Second Army Corps, was born April 26, 1807. From 1825 to 1827 he was a pupil of the Polytechnic School. During the administration of General Cavaignac he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and took part in the expedition which put an end to the Roman Republic. Having gained the reputation of being one of the most eminent officers in point of military science, and in particular in the art of fortification, he was appointed, in 1852, director of the fortifications of Oran, in Algeria, with the rank of Colonel, and subsequently, after being appointed General of Brigade, member of the Committee of Fortifications. In 1859 he took part as General of Division in the Italian campaign. After serving as aid-de-camp to the Emperor, and member of the Committee of Defense, General Frossard was, by decree of March 15, 1867, made Chief of the Military Household of the Emperor and Governor of the Prince Imperial, whose military instruction he is said to have conducted with military rigor. At the beginning of the year 1869 he was appointed President of the Committee of Fortifications.

General De Failly was born in 1808. He received his military education at St. Cyr, and was at the time of the revolution of 1848 Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of the line. He took part in the Crimean war as Brigadier-General, and greatly distinguished himself at the battles of the Alma, of the Mame-



GENERAL FROSSARD.



GENERAL DE FAILLY

lou-Vert, and of Trackir. After his return he was made aid-de-camp of the Emperor, and during the Italian war he commanded a division of the army corps of General Niel, and distinguished himself at Magenta and Solferino. In 1867 he was selected to put down the Garibaldian movement, and in this campaign made the first trial on a large scale of the chassepot, which, as he said in his report, worked wonderfully at Mentana. In October, 1869, General Failly was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps, and is now at the head of the Fifth Corps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 20, 1870.

THE CAMPAIGN AT HOME.

The Republican party in New York will hold its Convention for the nomination of Governor in September, and its own condition and the situation of the country require a plain and emphatic declaration of principles, and the most vigorous and harmonious action. This will be the most important election before the next Presidential campaign, and, although it will not determine the position of New York in that campaign, it will be an immense encouragement or discouragement to the party throughout the country. It is, therefore, essential that the Convention fully understand the situation, and its first consideration should be that it must address itself to actual questions. The war is over. Reconstruction is accomplished. The Democratic party, which perplexed and prolonged the war, has not, indeed, acquiesced in the result. That must not be forgotten. And if that party should choose to contest the Presidential election of 1872 upon the ground of a refusal to acknowledge the validity of the amendments, and of a resolution to reopen the whole subject of reconstruction, it would be as overwhelmingly defeated as it was in 1864 upon a platform of surrender to the rebellion, or in 1868 upon that of repudiation and rebel ascendency.

But although the folly of that party seems to be exhaustless, it is not expedient to take it for granted. A wise general credits his antagonist with sagacity that his own victory may be surer and more splendid. The country knows that the Republican party has saved the integrity and honor of the Union, that it has reconstructed it upon principles of justice, and has confirmed its great work by constitutional amendments. It knows, also, that the party will defend its own work. But it does not seriously believe that the Democratic party will attempt to disturb the settlement, and the public attention is, therefore, fixed upon other points. Perhaps the most immediately pressing and engrossing question is that of the financial policy. What is the Republican principle on this subject?

Take one aspect of it—that of taxation. The country is heavily taxed. Taxes must necessarily continue to be heavy for a long time. But upon what principle shall they be laid? Shall the country be taxed now to pay the debt, or shall the burden be shared with those who follow us? In other words, shall taxation be reduced?

It is a proud fact that during the year and a half of General Grant's administration the decrease of the public debt has been $156,138,784 01. Meanwhile, also, Congress has somewhat reduced taxation. But is the Administration stronger, is the continued ascendency of the party surer for those facts? And if not, what is the reason? Is it not that the policy of reduction is not believed to be a general and acknowledged party policy? The debates upon the tariff, the action upon the income tax, the declaration of leading Republican journals that the burden ought to be temporarily borne, showed plainly enough that the reduction was rather a chance than a policy. Now, upon such a subject at this time, no party can hope to succeed if it has not a distinct and declared principle. It can not shuffle and evade. Shuffling is confusion. Evasion is defeat. It must pronounce plainly, as the opposition will, for a reduction of taxes or against it.

It is further desirable that this be done, because, after the action of Congress upon the President's proposition to buy foreign ships, every candidate for the House must satisfy his constituents as to his views of a true revenue system. A great party can not have two opinions upon that subject when that subject is of immediate and commanding importance. It is useless to say that the Democratic party also has no unanimity upon that point, because we ought not to depend upon the folly of the enemy. Their action may be no wiser than ours. But they have the immense advantage of professing only; they can not be tried, as we are, by practice. Every faithful Republican wishes to be just to the general patriotic purpose of the late House of Representatives. But every Republican member of that House, looking calmly at the proceedings and results of the last session, must doubt whether, upon the whole, its action was an advantage to the party. It is conceded on every side that the Democratic party will largely increase its force in the next House. And what was the reason of the discord of this last session, and of the party dissatisfaction with its results? It is very plain. It is that the House was dealing with questions for the consideration of which it was not elected. Consequently its last act was the extraordinary one to which we recently alluded as so significant. It refused to approve the recommendation of the President to enable the country to take a proper advantage of the opportunity opened by the war in Europe.

Now the Republican majority in the next House will be smaller, and if, upon so vital a subject as the general financial policy of the country, it has no opinion, or has two very positive opinions, the Democratic minority will control legislation, and the Republican administration will be paralyzed. We can not expect, if that should be the case, that the country in 1872 will support a party which doesn't know what it thinks upon the gravest public questions. It does not seem to us possible to avoid the necessity of plain speech in the party platforms. It certainly will be impossible for Congressional candidates who hope to be elected. And the party leaders should have learned that of all policies timidity and obscurity are the worst. When the rebellion was thundering at the government and country, the Republican party did not falter. It called a rebel, rebel; and a Copperhead, Copperhead. It laid heavy taxes; it decreed a draft; it abolished slavery. No party ever did a greater work more gloriously.

All this is not to be forgotten. On the contrary, it is to be perpetually remembered, but remembered for instruction and inspiration. The party triumphed because it had a paramount purpose, to which every member was unswervingly devoted. That purpose was plainly declared and fearlessly pursued. It is the secret of political success. But are we not becoming timid and, therefore, feeble? In the apprehension of losing the support of this interest or of that, are we not compromising the essential conditions of victory? The want of a unanimous policy apparent in the action of Congress has placed us somewhat at a disadvantage. But an appeal to our old glories, immortal as they are, will not restore them. We were the men for that day. Are we the men for this? Let us prove it by showing the same vigor, the same sagacity, the same devotion. The past is never enough. Even Marathon could not save Miltiades.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

If the report be true that General De Rodas, the Spanish Governor-General of Cuba, has asked for fourteen thousand more men, it is evident that the struggle upon the island is not yet ended. It has all the general characteristics of the revolution of the South American colonies in the earlier part of the century. That was a contest which began in 1810, and smouldered along for twenty years. Spain steadily refused to acknowledge the independence of the colonies although it was a manifest fact. They had established governments which were in full and successful operation; collecting revenues, raising and maintaining armies, and beginning navies. They had strengthened themselves internally, and had concluded treaties of amity and commerce with other states. Great Britain and the United States appointed consuls to reside at South American ports; and the declaration of the Monroe doctrine was a very distinct growl of sympathy with the colonies upon the part of the United States.

Yet this country held honorably aloof from the struggle. It knew that the principle of armed intervention in foreign quarrels is destructive of civilization. It was the principle practically asserted by the Holy Alliance in Spain, and its adoption by the United States would have been the justification by the great republic of the most monstrous modern claim of despotism. They were not, however, bound to conceal their sympathies and hopes, and they did not conceal them. In 1825 Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, instructed Mr. Middleton, our Minister in Russia, to invite that government to use its influence with Spain to acknowledge the facts of the situation in South America. But Russia was the author of the Holy Alliance, and, of course, declined. In his letter Mr. Clay said:

> "In the war which has so long been raging between Spain and her colonies the United States have taken no part, either to produce or to sustain it. They have been inactive and neutral spectators of the passing scenes. Their frankness forbids, however, that they should say that they have beheld those scenes with feelings of indifference. They have, on the contrary, anxiously desired that other parts of this continent should acquire and enjoy that independence with which, by the valor and the patriotism of the founders of their liberty, they have been, under the smiles of Heaven, so greatly blessed. But, in the indulgence of this sympathetic feeling, they have not, for one moment, been unmindful of the duties of that neutrality which they had deliberately announced. And the best proof of the fidelity with which they have strictly fulfilled its obligations is furnished by the fact that during the progress of the war they have been unjustly accused by both parties of violating their declared neutrality."

These words well state the attitude of the United States during the present contest in Cuba. They have not, indeed, declared neutrality, for obvious reasons. But they have been morally neutral. They have faithfully enforced their own laws and observed their own treaties. But American citizens who sympathized with the efforts of the revolutionary party in Cuba have frankly declared themselves. That there has been the same unanimity or warmth of sympathy which attended the earlier South American struggle or the contest of Greece with Turkey we do not believe, and the reasons of this apathy we have heretofore mentioned. It is undeniable that the situation in Cuba is now regarded with languid indifference, and the explanation, doubtless, is the feeling which could not have existed in the earlier revolution, but which results from the experience of the colonies since their separation from Spain, that the prospect of liberty and good government in Cuba, after its independence, is almost hopeless. The experience of South America has shown that the name of republic is not a security either of freedom or prosperity.

The recent expedition of General De Rodas to the seat of the revolution in Cuba has manifestly failed. Although he has a large force of Spanish soldiers and the volunteer army, and commands all the ports and chief towns, while the insurgents are scantily armed, and the expeditions to aid them are frustrated, the war still smoulders, as in the earlier day in South America, and at the end of the second year the Governor invokes heavy reinforcements. The home government will hardly wish to spare good soldiers just as a war begins in Europe, of which the condition of Spain has furnished the occasion. The Cuban situation, therefore, will apparently be indefinitely prolonged, unless some peculiar complication should invite the interference of other governments.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TROUBLES.

There has been in certain quarters, notorious for sympathy with the late rebels and rebellion, such a vehement denunciation of Governor Holden, of North Carolina, as a peculiarly malignant "satrap," who was waging fiendish war upon "the people" of North Carolina, that it is well to understand the facts. The organization of the Ku-Klux Klan has been especially vigilant in that State, where the comparative smallness of the colored population promised that a rigorous system of terror and coercion would practically annul their vote. To this end the efforts of the Ku-Klux have been directed. Of the existence and operations of this body there is no question. We have ourselves received details of its proceedings from the most "conservative" authority. It is the natural result of the war. It is a sucker from the root of the rebellion.

That there must be disturbances of all kinds in the States of the rebellion there was, of course, no question. That great care and forbearance would be necessary upon the part of the civil authorities was evident; and that it was very desirable to restore the normal condition of society as soon as practicable was unquestionable from the first. It was the duty of the civil officers of those States to postpone appeals to military interference to the last possible moment; and this was most desirable, not only in itself and upon general principles, but, for the Republican party, upon partisan grounds. For it was clear that an appeal to force would injure the party in two ways: first, it would suggest the suspicion that it was, as has been alleged of the present difficulty in North Carolina, oppression for party purposes; and, in the second place, it would be cited as proof of the inefficiency of Republican reconstruction. For every reason, therefore, it was most desirable that the civil authority should be every where paramount.

But it was equally evident that in the condition of society which the war left in the States of the rebellion there must necessarily be such occasional disturbances of the peace, so organized, so persistent, so formidable, that the ordinary civil processes would not avail. It was unreasonable to expect that the disordered States would be restored to a normal situation without very serious troubles, in which military interference would be wholly justified. And precisely this is the case in North Carolina. The crimes of the Ku-Klux defied the civil means of repression. The Governor, who is the responsible executive officer, states, as a fact, what all the probabilities confirm, that the organized ruffians and assassins laughed at proclamations, exhortations, and the civil process, and he was compelled either to tolerate anarchy in the State or to use military force. He decided not to surrender to the rebels, and placed certain counties under martial law, and invoked, as the Constitution authorizes, the assistance of the national power, which was promptly granted. Governor Holden did what Governor King, of Rhode Island, did in the "Dorr war" in that State in 1842.

Of course, a Governor is to be held responsible if he invokes national aid before it is necessary; if he does not exhaust the lawful resources of the State before this final appeal; and if he permits any abuse of the military interference when it becomes indispensable. But the passionate assertion of his partisan opponents can not be accepted as evidence of his guilt. We have the testimony of the Chief Justice of the State, that the power of the civil process was exhausted. And while there is unquestionably exaggeration in all the reports, no one who has been a faithful student of the spirit and methods of the Ku-Klux Klan will believe that the action of the Governor has been merely a partisan trick to carry the election.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

The advantage of adhering to a humane principle in public affairs has been recently very conspicuously illustrated. When, in the early days of our late war, Captain Wilkes, upon the *San Jacinto*, took Messrs. Slidell and Mason from the British mail steamer *Trent*, there was a loud shout of exultation in this country, answered by a stern alternative from Great Britain of immediate surrender of the prisoners or war. The belief in the United States was very general that we had a right to hold the prisoners. Mr. Everett, one of our most accomplished students of international law, took substantially that ground. Governor Andrew asserted it in Faneuil Hall. The feeling of the country was thoroughly aroused, and it was only deepened and exasperated by the crisp and haughty tone of Great Britain. But Mr. Seward promptly replied to the demand of Lord Lyons, the British Minister, and assented to the surrender upon American principles; and in reply to the question, what he considered the most critical moment of the war, Mr. Seward afterward said that it was the time which elapsed between his informal communication of the purport of his note and the rejoinder of Lord Lyons that it would be satisfactory. "I knew," said Mr. Seward, "that I had gone as far as public opinion would tolerate, and that if my note were not satisfactory there would be war."

A few days afterward Mr. Sumner made his admirable and conclusive speech upon the subject. He showed clearly, from the British admiralty decisions, and from the action of the British government, that every objection made to the conduct of the American officer in the arrest of Slidell and Mason could be justified by British precedents; but he contended that the best American precedent and practice demanded their release; and, therefore, in obedience to our own just and honorable principles of maritime rights and neutrality, the prisoners should be surrendered. They were surrendered, and the country acquiesced without a word. This lofty position in regard to neutral maritime rights it has always maintained; and when the Congress of Paris proposed to elevate the standard of international comity, the United States said, "We will agree if you will raise it a little higher." The Congress declined. But that principle, harmonious with the national practice and tendency, has never been relinquished by the United States, and we now see the signs of its speedy adoption into international law.

As we recently stated, Prussia, one of the parties to the treaty of Paris, declares that the American principle shall govern its conduct during the present war. Secretary Fish, in acknowledging the official communication of this decision from the Prussian Minister, refers with true pride to the traditional tendency of the United States upon the subject, and hopes that their government and people may soon see its demand of 1856 universally recognized as another humanizing rule of war. The Prussian Minister responds that he sincerely trusts his government will co-operate to that good end. The United States have no reason to be ashamed of their contribution to international law. In 1812 we denied the right of search at sea, asserted by the greatest maritime power in the world, and that right is abandoned. In 1856 we asserted the inviolability of private property upon the ocean, and that inviolability is now acknowledged by one of the greatest states in Europe, and can not fail to become the practice of civilization. "Meanwhile," as Mr. Sumner said at the end of his speech upon the *Trent* case, "it only remains for us to uphold the perpetual policy of the republic and to stand fast on the ancient ways."

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

The profound feeling caused by the murder of Mr. Nathan is not due to the event nor to the circumstances alone, but to the general feeling in the community of insecurity against criminals. In a society which covers with *éclat* successful crime of a certain kind, all crime is encouraged; and a great city which is full of "dangerous classes," whose favor is unscrupulously propitiated by demagogues, and which elects criminal judges and prosecuting officers by the popular vote, is a place in which great crimes must be expected. It is not necessary, therefore, to jump to the conclusion that popular governments foster crime; but it is necessary to perceive that popular governments of themselves are no security against it.

We may be very sure that there is a not very obscure connection between such facts as the career of Florence Scannel and his honorable obsequies and the murder of Mr. Nathan. In a city where one of the chief magistrates, elected by popular vote, bursts into a drinking saloon with riotous intention, and is shot in the attempt to shoot others, and afterward dying is buried with honor, the officers of police and criminal judges attending, and a clergyman preaching over the coffin that of such is the kingdom of heaven—in such a city it is surely not surprising that a worthy citizen is murdered in his own house, and in a most public quarter. The remedy lies not in changing the system of police. If we wish to repress crime, we must not flatter criminals. If persons of position, who are technically called respectable, do not hesitate to countenance rioters and rioting, why should any body be surprised at disorder? If successful swindling on the great scale covers a swindler with good-humored notoriety, why should forgers despair of humorous repute, or murderers be shunned?

To remodel a police system, yet still to leave it in the control of those who depend upon the favor of the criminal classes, and who invoke their aid to break the laws upon election day, is to imitate the hunter in the old story, and merely to change the emphasis: "You may take the crow, and I'll take the turkey, or *I'll* take the turkey, and *you* may take the crow." Those, therefore, who support the infamous abuse of the popular system in New York, who think the interest of their party, whatever it may be, superior to the welfare of the community—those who sustain, by sophistry and voting, the demagogues who directly use the criminal classes for political ends—are really responsible for the feeling of insecurity which follows the murder of a respectable citizen.

Universal disorder, as well as general corruption, is one of the consequences of unbridled party spirit. And until the intelligent and sober citizens of New York resolutely combine, regardless of party, in stigmatizing and suppressing the demagoguery which repeats in their city the excesses and abuses of the old European republics, all superficial tinkering of the police system will be futile; men like Mr. Nathan and Mr. Rogers will still be mysteriously murdered, and judges and politicians will still follow with honor the coffin of Florence Scannel.

THE ERMINE AND THE TIARA.

Now that papal infallibility is declared, there must be somebody to explain the explanations of it which are offered. Buddha, the founder of one of the most widely received religions in the world, was called omniscient by his earliest pupils. But it was presently discovered that he made the same mistakes with regard to the shape of the earth and similar subjects that every body else did. Thereupon the Buddhist doctors limited his infallibility to the principal doctrines of his system. They said, gravely: "Buddha does not at all times exercise his omniscience." This is evidently the wisest way. It would clearly be a great blunder to declare a man infallible upon any point susceptible of proof; and upon those that are not, every man may flatter himself that he is infallible, or agree that any body else is so.

We have been reminded of the Buddhist doctors by the report of a recent discourse by Dr. Starrs, a Roman Catholic clergyman in this city, in which he undertakes an explanation of the inexplicable. The Pope, it seems, according to the Doctor, is fallible as a man, like the rest of mankind. He is only infallible as Pope. That he may be fallible as a man is incontestible. Pope Alexander the Sixth, Rodrigo Borgia, is a striking illustration of that truth. But the Œcumenical Council might well have been troubled by the question that was asked about him: "When Rodrigo Borgia goes to—the place of torment, what will become of poor Pope Alexander?" And is it not rather an awkward arrangement to have the absolute truth upon the holiest subjects delivered by one of the very worst of men? Or shall we say the worse the Pope the greater the miracle?

But Dr. Starrs, with consummate infelicity, compares the decisions of the Pope to those of the Supreme Court, because there is no appeal, and the country submits to them as final. But is infallibility no more than this? Is it only a convenience of organization? The Chief Justice does not assume to declare what is just, but only what is law. Nor does he claim any thing more than that the necessity of the case requires that the opinion of the Court shall be accepted as law; and when declared it stands only until it is reversed. If infallibility means nothing more than the decision of a majority in a presbytery, or the governing body of any Church, which from a corresponding necessity of the case must be accepted as the final ruling by which the Church is to be governed, then the Œcumenical mountain has produced the very smallest of mice.

Unquestionably, under the decree of infallibility, the decisions of the Pope so far resemble the decisions of the Supreme Court that they are final. But they are so not upon any ground of mere convenience or necessity, as in the case of the Court, but for reasons totally different. The decree of infallibility expressly declares: "This gift of the truth and of the faith which fails not has, therefore, been divinely accorded to Peter and to his successors in the chair." Thus, when the Pope speaks upon a point of faith, under this decree his word is the infallible statement of absolute truth, from which there is no appeal, not because there must be an arbitrarily final decision somewhere, but because it is essential truth. A chief justice may, indeed, be a very bad man and a very good lawyer. But neither his character nor his learning determine the finality of his judgments. That finality rests upon considerations of social convenience. But the dogma of infallibility, as expounded by the doctors, involves the absurdity that in a Church miraculously founded and especially adapted to human beings the absolute divine truth upon vital points of faith may be proclaimed by a man whose life may outrage every moral law and every pure instinct of humanity.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND MANUAL LABOR.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Vice-President Russel of Cornell University. It will answer the questions of hundreds of young men in the country, and will save them and the authorities of the University the trouble of a more particular correspondence.

"My dear Sir,—The case presented by you is a very common one—that of a young man anxious to be educated, but without the means of certain support. Such means are, in the absence of money, skilled manual labor or ability to teach. Any one who comes here with *skill* as carpenter, mason, printer, stone-cutter, can generally find work enough in the village to support him economically. In the present demand for carpenters they can keep ahead of their expenses. Printers, too, do very well, either in the village or on our own press, on which we employ twenty or thirty. Stone-cutters do not keep up with the demands for stone for the M'Graw building. Of course this demand is subject to fluctuation; but, as a general rule, I will say that any skilled workman can find work enough here to pay the expenses of his education.

"You are aware, of course, that the University assumes no responsibility for work, neither promising to furnish it nor guaranteeing that there is any. We always give the students the preference as to any work of our own; but in every other respect they stand in the same position as other mechanics seeking employment. Does your friend come under this head? Evidently not. He has no skilled manual labor to offer.

"Some of our young men make something by teaching those students who are under conditions, or who can not keep up with their classes. But your young friend can not teach.

"Nothing, then, remains for him to offer but unskilled labor. He can do what other unskilled lads can do, and he must compete with a large number of them; for, naturally, the majority of our boys are of this class. Unfortunately there is but little of this kind of work to be done. The farm employs but few; grading still fewer; a small number attend at the commons' tables; half a dozen are employed about the library.

"Suppose, however, that he should find employment of this kind, how far would it support him? Twenty-five hours a week, all he could work, at fifteen cents an hour, all he could get, would fall short of paying his expenses, which can hardly be reduced below $5 10 per week, to say nothing of the cost of books and clothes. There is, therefore, no safety in relying on unskilled labor as a means of education here.

"One of these days Mr. Cornell, if he live, will establish work-shops for the purpose of employing unskilled labor. The students in the departments of Mechanic Arts will be taught to make models, which may be sold. Our projected bookbindery will employ some, and our printing-office, with its increasing business, will need more hands. Every thing in the future is encouraging; and I see no reason to doubt that, in time, facilities for such work will be provided for all who need it as a means of paying for their education.

"For the present, however, we must wait while our institution grows to the power intended by its founder. It is hard that young men like the one on whose behalf you write can not pay for what they desire so ardently, which would add so much to their usefulness and happiness, and add so much to the moving force of society; but the same has always been the case, and we are now so keenly sensitive to the wrong because we just now begin to see how it can be remedied.

"When the question shall be answered, 'Why large rivers generally flow near large cities,' somebody will ask why this fine water-power of Fall Creek, which has been wasted for centuries of summers and winters, should be found directly on our University line. Why did Nature place an unfailing power for industry and plenty alongside of an institution for the education of every one who desires to learn? Can you set your manufacturers thinking about it? It is a simple problem. Given manufacturers with money, but needing men and water-power; water-power roaring for employment; men needing money to pay for education; University, with education, but needing money; how can the wants of all be supplied?

"If some of your smart men will solve that, we shall never again be compelled to turn away bright, earnest lads who come to us for education, offering their arms and brains and time for the privilege of work. Until then, however, I can not encourage your young friend to come.

Yours very truly,

"William C. Russel, Vice-President."

NOW AND THEN.

Mr. Gladstone was loudly cheered in the House of Commons when he said that "If colliers are chartered to attend the fleet of a belligerent, to supply coal, they will, to all practical intents and purposes, become store-ships attached to that fleet." The general rule is, that only contraband of war for a belligerent may be justly seized in a neutral vessel. But here the rather hopeless wilderness of distinctions in international law begins for what is contraband of war. Provisions have been sometimes considered as contraband, and horses. One definition embraces whatever may be useful in war. But what may not? General consent decrees fire-arms and ammunition of all kinds to be contraband. But the question always arises upon articles in themselves innocent. Treaties usually define what shall be considered contraband. The latest authorities, however, agree that, since articles of direct use in war are from time to time changing, new articles, such as steam-engines and coals, can be considered contraband only when there is satisfactory proof that they are for the direct uses of war.

This is precisely the case stated by Mr. Gladstone, and it will be the duty of the British Government to prevent such transactions. But as we read of the admirable alertness of Great Britain in the discharge of her neutral duties in this war, it is impossible not to wish that she had been always as solicitous and ready. For how very long a time Mr. Adams presented the most satisfactory proof that the *Alabama* was intended for the direct uses of war by a belligerent before Earl Russell and the Government were able to see it! How lustily the House of Commons, which cheered Mr. Gladstone the other day, cheered Mr. Laird seven years ago! Mr. Gladstone said that neutrality required the Government to stop the sale of coal to a belligerent. Mr. Laird said that neutrality authorized him to sell ships to a belligerent. The excited House equally applauded both. It is not doubtful that the people of England will see and consider these facts; and ask themselves whether, if the vigorous care of 1870 be honorable neutrality, which is undeniable, the indifference of 1862–63 was equally creditable?

NOTES.

The most exciting news for some time will probably come from Europe, and the *Tribune's* London correspondent has shown great zeal in forwarding interesting intelligence. But we hope he will not do as Reuter did during our war. Reuter loved the rebels, and served up his American news with a fine rebel flavor accordingly. The *Tribune*, with the rest of the world, favors the Prussians in this war; but we trust that its sympathies will not make it forget that its first duty to those who rely upon it is to tell the truth, and not what it wishes to be true. On the 25th of July its London correspondent telegraphed that its special Paris correspondent wrote on the 24th, "Never has war been undertaken by France with less enthusiasm or more distrust of success," etc., etc. But on the 22d of July its regular Paris correspondent wrote: "I have been a spectator during one great war, which was popular if ever a war were popular, and, comparing what I am seeing now with what I saw at home, I can not for a moment doubt that in throwing down the glove to Prussia the Government had, and knew it had, the vast body of the people at its back, and that it could not have kept the peace if it had wished it ever so much......I have seen only one thing like it, and that was the excitement in New York at the news of the firing upon Sumter......There is a prodigious surface enthusiasm for the war, but below this boiling there is a deep, strong, resistless current sweeping all before it." It is very evident that the special correspondent can not be trusted again; and certainly nothing will be gained in sympathy for one side by belittling the feeling and successes of the other.

We can readily believe that Governor Hoffman did not write his letter declining to commute the punishment of Real without pain. He was doing the most difficult official duty that devolves upon a humane man. But his great predecessor, Governor Jay, truly stated the principle that should govern executive action under appeals for mercy. "The power of pardoning is committed by the Constitution to the prudence and discretion, and not the wishes or feelings of the Governor. If it was confided to the latter, very few convicts would be long imprisoned...... To pardon or not to pardon does not depend on my will, but on my judgment; and for the impartial and discreet exercise of this authority I am and ought to be highly responsible." With the same conviction Governor Hoffman says: "My judgment, however, tells me that the prisoner was justly convicted of murder, and that the interests of the community demand that he should suffer the penalty." Yet the peculiar feeling which the delay in the case of Real has excited, and the undeniably growing hostility in the public mind to capital execution, imperatively suggests the question whether the penalty of murder would not be more surely inflicted, and the frequency of the crime consequently diminished, if the punishment were changed.

Some of the more devoted members of the New York branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission have been unwilling to relinquish their good work, and have continued it by means of subscriptions from all who are interested with them. During the last year the "Continuing Committee" has employed, for different terms, fifty-five teachers, of whom forty-two were colored, and of these fourteen were born in the South. There have been two normal schools in Virginia, and one in North Carolina. The other schools have been chiefly in Maryland and Virginia, the people supplying the fuel, buying the books, and paying the board of the teachers. The largest number of scholars at one time was 2377, with an average attendance of 1909, about forty-four pupils to each teacher. Two of the ladies of the committee have been to many of the schools during the year, and report very satisfactorily. The interest of the younger children was especially remarkable. The committee naturally linger over a work so beneficial and so interesting. Virginia will do nothing for her colored schools for a year at least; and, in thirty of her hundred counties the freedmen have never had a school. Elsewhere in the State they have helped themselves so gallantly that they deserve to be helped. It is with the hope that the cause itself is irresistibly eloquent that the committee once more appeal to their friends, reminding them that the treasurer is Miss Ellen Collins, 97 West Eleventh Street, New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ex-Secretary Seward, in view of his proposed visit to China, has been tendered by the Russian government the use of the palace of the Imperial Legation at Pekin as a residence while in that city.

A steamer, recently arrived at San Francisco from Sitka, brought 87,000 fur seal-skins. General Davis, who had been at the islands of St. Paul and St. George to investigate the state of affairs there, reports a bad condition of affairs. The seals killed were not restricted to the legal limit; and other abuses had driven the Sitka Indians to trade at the English ports. The volcanoes in some of the islands were in a state of eruption.

General W. J. Smith, a member of Congress, and Judge John W. Smith, recently had an altercation in the street in Memphis, Tennessee, and the former had his left ear bitten off. Both were arrested, taken to the police court, and fined $5 each!

Commander Greene, of the flag-ship *Congress*, in a letter dated at San Domingo City, gives an account of an interview with Baez, who says the republic is in a peaceful state, and will remain so as long as our government manifests a desire for the annexation of San Domingo. Commander Greene learns from other sources that the rejection of the treaty caused disappointment in San Domingo City, and that some persons there are disposed to attribute the failure to mismanagement and bad faith on the part of the Dominican government. Commander Greene is of opinion that the withdrawal of the protection of the United States and the prospect of annexation would lead to a revolution by Cabral.

The election in North Carolina has resulted in a Democratic victory. The majority is somewhere between 10,000 and 15,000. In both branches of the Legislature the Democrats claim a two-thirds majority.

Five hundred Chinese laborers have been engaged to complete the Lewis Tunnel in Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 2d of August the French advanced from Metz in strong force, and attacked Saarbrück, a German town a short distance across the frontier. The Prussian garrison was feeble, and, after a brief contest, retired from the town. Although the affair was one of no importance, as the Prussians did not seriously defend the place, its success caused great rejoicings in Paris. On his return to Metz, after the battle, the Emperor sent the following dispatch to the Empress:

"Louis has received his baptism of fire. He was admirably cool and little impressed. A division of Frossard's command carried the heights overlooking the Saar. The Prussians made a brief resistance. Louis and I were in front, where the bullets fell about us. Louis keeps a ball he picked up. The soldiers wept at his tranquillity. We lost an officer and ten men. Napoleon."

On the 4th the first real fighting of the war took place, when a large force of Prussians, under command of the Crown Prince, advanced between Weissenburg and Lauterbourg, ten miles into French territory, driving the French advanced posts, and destroying miles of the railroad between Lauterbourg and Strasbourg, along which M'Mahon was probably preparing to advance. The victory was decisive. Weissenburg and Gieshill, in the rear of that town, were carried at the point of the bayonet after an obstinate resistance. The general in command of the French was killed, and the French encampment, one piece of artillery, 500 wounded prisoners, including many Turkos, fell into the hands of the Prussians. On the German side the loss in killed and wounded was also very severe.

There was fighting all along the line through the 5th and 6th, ending on the afternoon of the latter day (Sunday) with the defeat of the French arms. The Emperor, in his official bulletins, promptly and fully admits his losses. Two heavy engagements were fought—one to the west of Saarbrück, in which the Prussians assaulted and drove back the French under General Frossard, and the other at Haguenau, some distance north of Strasbourg, in which the Prussians under the Crown Prince defeated Marshal M'Mahon's army. The losses on both sides were immense. The Prussians claim to have captured 4000 prisoners, two French eagles, and six mitrailleurs. The dispatches are confused and contradictory; but it would seem that the Prussian successes have forced the French to fall back along their whole line, in order to cover Paris.

The following are the French official accounts of the battle:

Metz, *August 6—midnight.*

Marshal M'Mahon has lost a battle. General Frossard, on the Saar, has been obliged to retire. His retreat was effected in good order. All can be re-established.

Napoleon.

Metz, *August 7—3.30 A.M.*

My communications have been interrupted with Marshal M'Mahon. I am going to place myself in the centre of the position.

Napoleon.

Metz, *August 7—4.30 A.M.*

The Major-General of the Army to the Minister of the Interior:

After a series of engagements, in which the enemy brought heavy forces into the field, Marshal M'Mahon was forced to fall back from his first line. The corps of General Frossard had to fight yesterday from two o'clock in the afternoon with an entire army of the enemy. Having held his position until six o'clock, he ordered a retreat, which was made in good order.

Lebœuf.

The announcement of the defeat caused great excitement and consternation in Paris. An address was issued by the Ministry, declaring the city in a state of siege, in order to facilitate the preparations for defense, and appealing to the patriotism and energy of the people. The Empress has also issued a proclamation, in which she admits that the opening of the war has not been favorable to the French arms, and adjures all good citizens to maintain order. The Prince Imperial has returned to Paris.

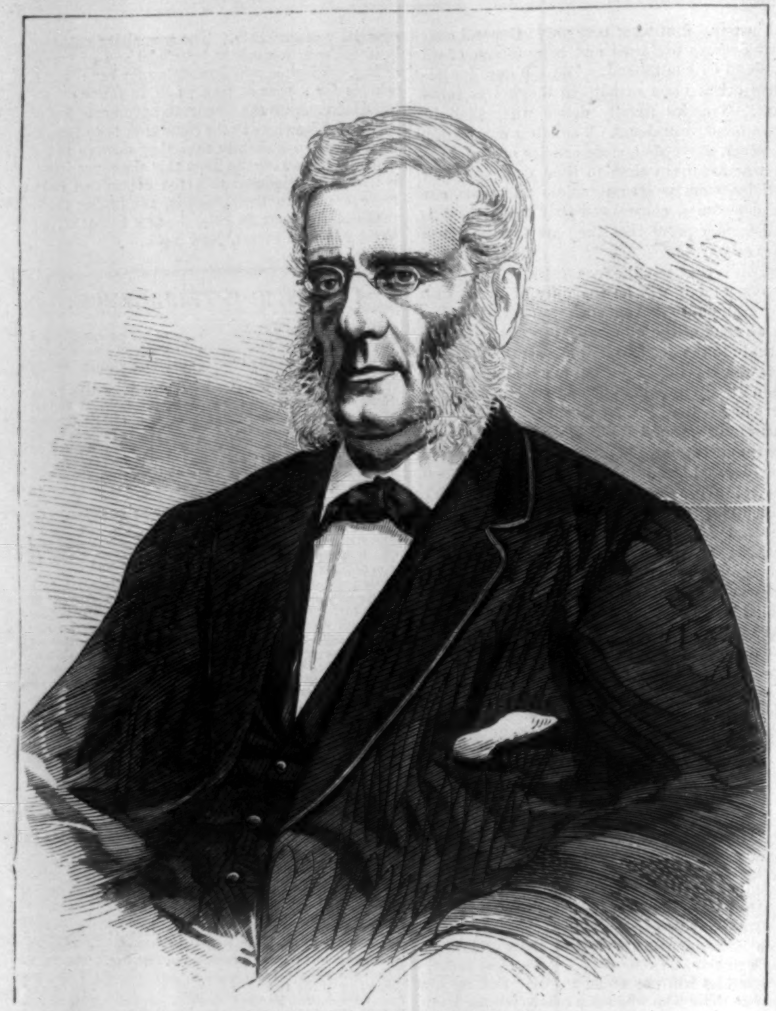
GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Père Hyacinthe has written a letter, which has been published in Paris, protesting against the declaration of papal infallibility. It has created a sensation, and is attacked, as is also its author, with much bitterness, by the Catholic press.

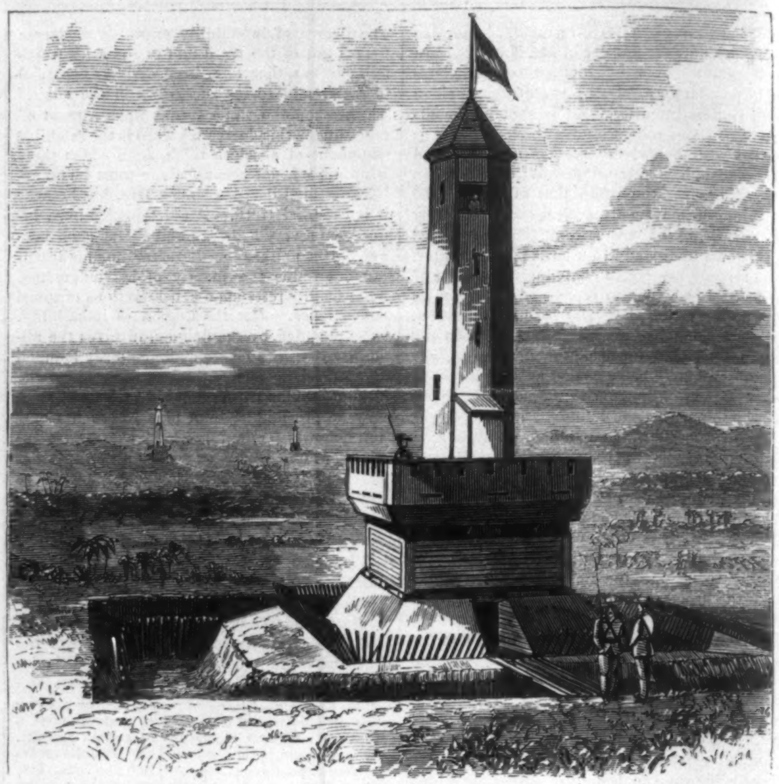
The Earl of Kimberly was recently waited upon in London by a deputation from Newfoundland, asking that the British troops now in the province might remain as a protection in case of a Fenian raid. They were given to understand that the provinces must protect themselves.

The last detachment of the French troops left Rome on the 5th of August, and the papal government is now without a protector. Efforts have been made to induce his Holiness to remove to Malta.

Napoleon, it is said, will issue a decree making the "Marseillaise" the national air of France. He has been anticipated by the French people. Offenbach has composed a war-song entitled "God Speed the Emperor."



THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN NATHAN.



A SIGNAL TOWER IN CUBA.—[See Page 542.]

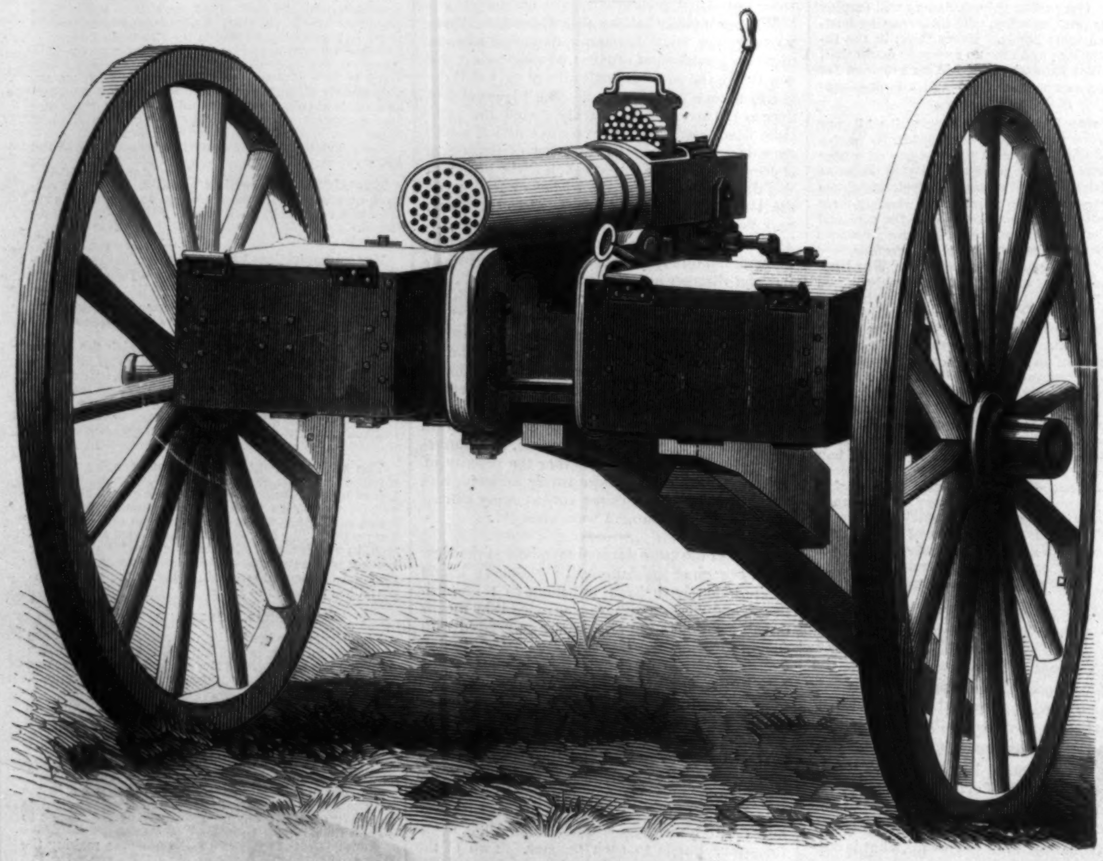
BENJAMIN NATHAN.

Since the **Burdell** tragedy in 1857, no murder has been committed which has excited so great indignation and horror as the brutal assassination of Mr. **Benjamin Nathan** in his own house, at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, on the morning of July 29. The deed was discovered by the sons of the murdered man, who slept in the same house, at six o'clock in the morning. The physician who was immediately summoned pronounced that Mr. **Nathan** must have been dead for about three hours. It is needless here to enter upon the horrible details of a tragedy which has awakened an excitement so universal that all of our readers are familiar with the circumstances of the case. There was every evidence of a prolonged struggle between Mr. **Nathan** and his murderer, or murderers. Yet no one in the house was alarmed; and the assassin, who had rifled the safe of his victim, appears to have left behind him no clew likely to lead to his detection. At least, up to the time of this writing the whole affair seems wrapped in a mystery which puzzles our sharpest detectives. It is a curious fact in connection with the murder that Mr. **Nathan**, a few days only before his death, was heard to congratulate himself upon the perfect security of his place of residence.

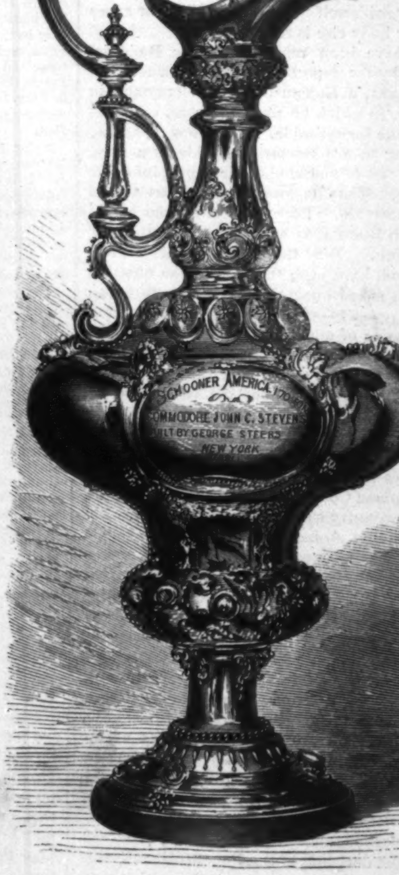
Since the commission of the crime the wildest excitement has prevailed, and for days afterward the vicinity of the murder was thronged by thousands of citizens not less indignant than curious. Long before the hour appointed for Mr. **Nathan**'s obsequies, on the 1st, Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue were crowded, about 10,000 persons being present to witness the departure of the funeral cortége for the Cypress Hills Cemetery. The wide-spread interest manifested on this occasion was due not merely to the sympathy awakened by the fearful tragedy, but chiefly to the fact that, by this midnight murder, New York had been deprived of one of her best citizens. As the Rev. J. J. **Lyons** said at the funeral: "A tyrant, murdered under similar circumstances, would excite grief and pity, and how much more does this case of our friend, struck down by the hand of an assassin; a blow which brought down a doting father, a fond husband, a generous, upright man! His name was a synonym for honor and benevolence. In private life he was kind and affectionate; in public life kind and just. His charity was catholic, limited to no creed, race, or nationality."

Mr. **Nathan** was descended from one of the oldest Portuguese families which were driven to this country by the Inquisition. He was a native of this city, as was also his father. He was born in 1813. His mother was before her marriage Miss **Henriquez**, belonging to an ancient Knickerbocker family, and a famous belle in the early part of the century. He received a careful and thorough education, was a good classical scholar, and a connoisseur in art, his collection of pictures and articles of vertu ranking among the finest in the city. At the early age of twenty-two he was taken into partnership by his father, and was so successful in his business career that he accumulated an immense fortune. A Hebrew in race and in faith, he at an early age was called to play an important part in the direction of the affairs of the congregation to which he belonged. For nearly a third of a century he has sacredly observed the anniversary of his mother's death, and he remained in the city during the last night of his life—instead of retiring to his country residence at Morristown, New Jersey—in order to again perform the same devotional duty. He was one of the founders, and for several years the president, of the Mount Sinai Hospital. Other institutions of his Church were also the objects of his care and philanthropic charity. In personal appearance Mr. **Nathan** was distinguished: his form was of the medium size; and his face, though marked with strong lines, was genial and attractive.

The coroner's inquest in the case of Mr. **Nathan**'s murder commenced its investigation on Thursday, August 4. No new facts have up to this time been elicited by the jury.



THE MITRAILLEUR.—[See Page 535.]



THE QUEEN'S CUP.—Phot. by Rockwood.
[See Page 535.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

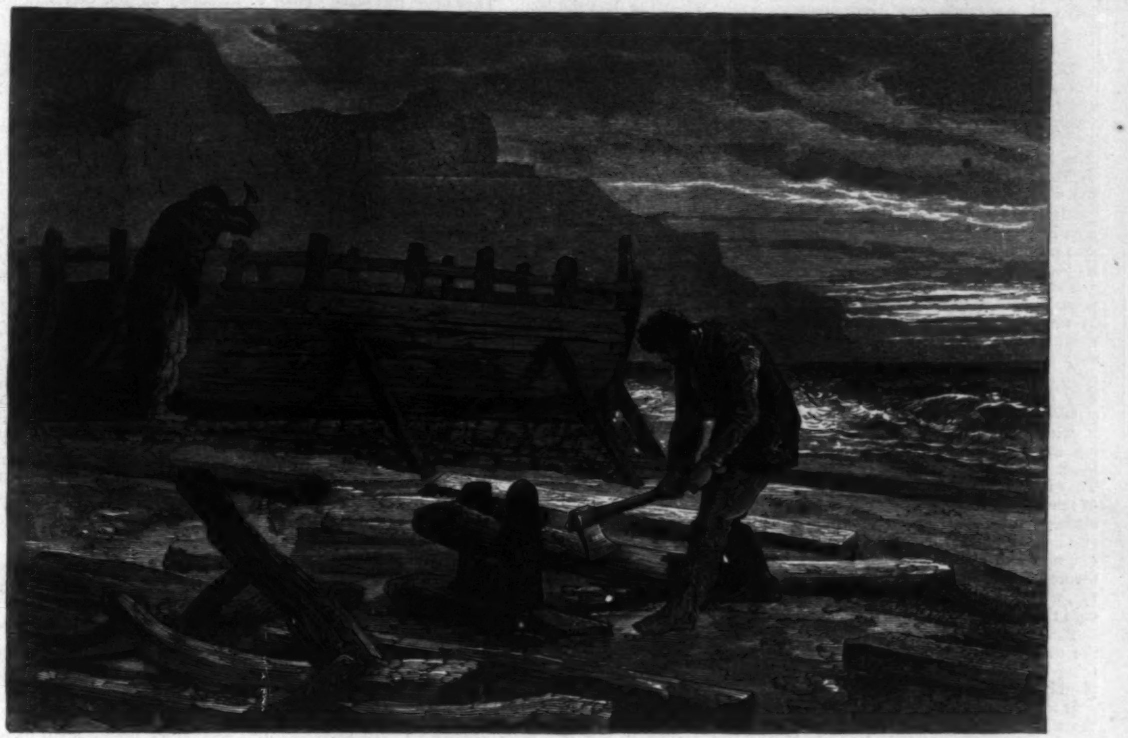
THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

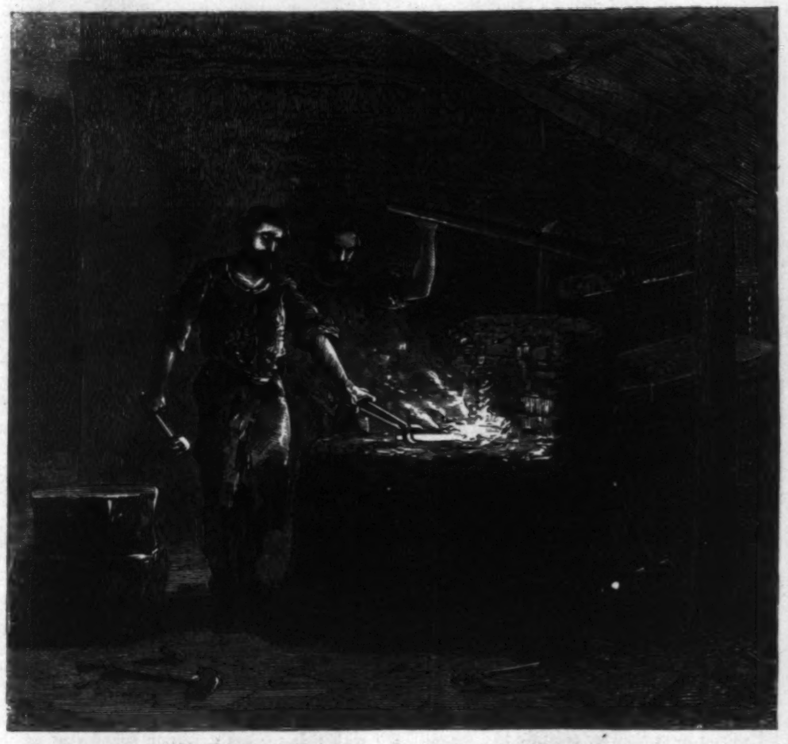
CHAPTER XI.

The Construction of the Forge.—Making a Pair of Tongs.—Mr. Raynal as a Blacksmith.—Altering the Boat to make her Sea-worthy.—Launching the *Rescue.*

IN the mean time Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave devoted themselves to the construction of the forge. They first built a rude but substantial shed to protect the blacksmith work from the weather. They covered the roof of this shed with sheets of copper from the vessel, and inclosed it sufficiently at the sides to afford the necessary protection for the workmen and the fire. When this structure was completed, they built a forge within it of flat stones and set up the bellows behind, placing it between two stout posts which they had fixed in the ground for the purpose. For an anvil they contrived to bring in from the wreck one of the masses of cast iron which had been placed in the lower hold for ballast. When all was ready they kindled a fire, and Captain Musgrave began to work the bellows. The wind came briskly and steadily through among the burning coals, producing the well-known blowing sound so characteristic of a forge in action, which both Mr. Raynal and the captain listened to with delight.

The first piece of work to be done at the forge was to make a pair of tongs. Mr. Raynal had great difficulty in accomplishing this task. He failed in many of his attempts, but by patience and perseverance he finally succeeded. He was then all ready to begin his work of making the necessary tools and implements for the construction of the proposed vessel. The shelter which they had provided was so effectual that they could continue this work uninterruptedly in the stormiest weather.

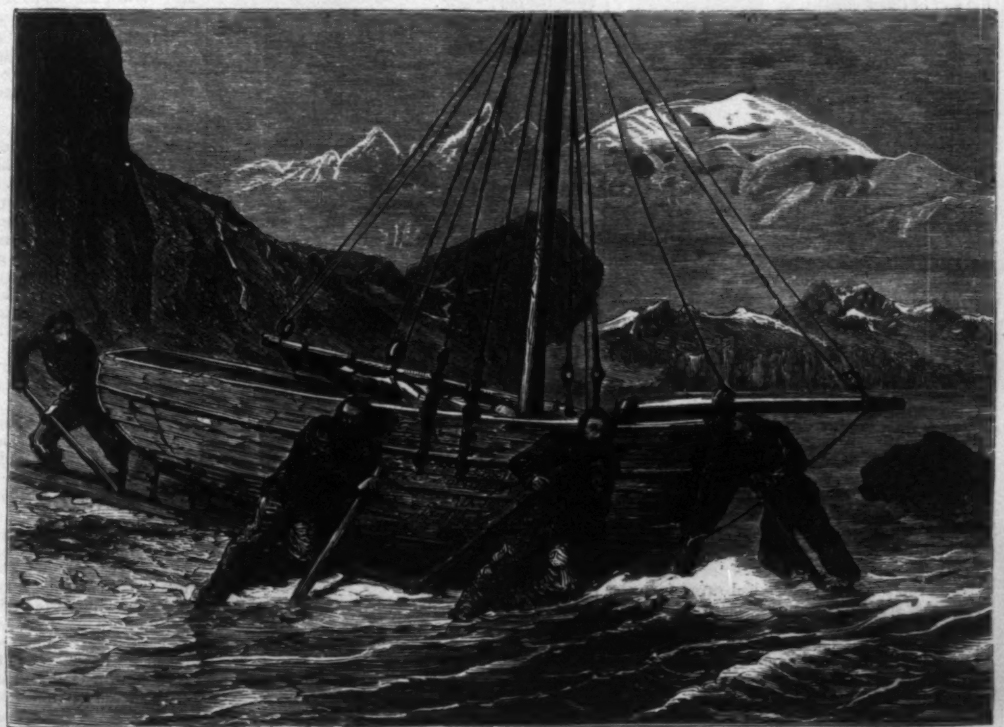

REBUILDING THE BOAT.


MR. RAYNAL AND CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE AT THE FORGE.

With increase of practice Mr. Raynal became increasingly expert, and every new tool which he made helped him to make the next, so that before the end of the month he had made three pairs of tongs of different sizes, three punches, a pair of pinchers, a cold-chisel, and a large and heavy hammer.

The month of January—that is, the middle month of summer, had now passed, and very little but the most preliminary work had been done. Still Mr. Raynal was now beginning to acquire so much skill as a blacksmith, and the facility afforded by his increasing supply of tools aided him so much, that he accomplished more during the first week in February than he had done during the whole month preceding. He procured his materials, in the way of iron and steel, for all this work, from the wreck of the vessel, partly from the structure of the vessel itself, and partly from implements of various kinds found on board, which were of no service to them in their actual forms, but which could be made to furnish supplies of iron and steel. For example, from the pickaxes which had been put on board when the vessel sailed to be employed in mining operations, and which were pointed with steel, he made chisels and gouges. The blade of a shovel furnished him with a steel plate, out of which he manufactured a very good plane iron, and also the material for forming the cutting edges of an axe and two hatchets. He made a saw plate from an iron hoop taken from one of the casks intended to contain seal oil. He first straightened the hoop and then cut out the teeth with a cold-chisel, and lastly stretched the saw plate thus made in a wooden frame.

He succeeded quite well in all these undertakings, though not without the exercise of great patience and perseverance; but at length his progress was arrested by an obstacle which seemed insurmountable. He could not make an auger, or contrive any other implement as a substitute for it, which could be employed to bore a hole. The difficulty in the case of the auger was to make the gimlet-like point which, by the action of its screw, draws the cutting part of the auger forward into the wood as the tool is turned. He spent two days in trying to devise some means of accomplishing this object, but in vain. At last, weary of his repeated efforts, and disheartened by his failure, he began to feel discouraged about the whole plan, and to inquire whether, after all, he had not engaged in a hopeless undertaking. After reflecting upon the subject for some time with much anxiety, he concluded to bring the whole question again before his companions, that they might consider it anew, and also that he might propose to them certain modifications of the plan which he had in mind.


LAUNCHING OF THE "RESCUE."

In accordance with this conclusion, he made a statement to this effect. He said that, although they had accomplished as much, perhaps, during the six weeks which they had devoted to this labor as they ought to expect, he confessed that, although he had himself proposed the plan, and it was in accordance with his wishes that they had consented to engage in the undertaking, he found that the difficulties were very great, and the time which would be required, even if they were ultimately successful, would be longer than he had at first supposed. A vessel large enough to convey such a number of persons, with the necessary provision of food and of water, ought to be certainly not less than of ten or fifteen tons burden; and when he considered the quantity of wood which would be required, and the number of nails and of bolts, the other fixtures and appointments that would be necessary, all of which they would have to prepare themselves with the comparatively few facilities and resources at their command, he began to feel that they had undertaken a great work. They could not hope, he said, to complete it in less than one or two years.

Still, if they thought it best to persevere, he was ready to go on with the work as long as any hope remained of its final accomplishment. But that, if they thought that the task which they had undertaken was too great for them, there was another plan which he had to propose. This new plan was that, instead of attempting to build a new vessel, they should strengthen and enlarge the *boat*, so as, if possible, to make it sea-worthy. They could put on an extra keel, lengthen her, build up her sides, so as to give her the necessary capacity, and make a deck. In this way he thought they might make her large and strong enough to carry perhaps three of their number. She would not be large enough to take all of them, and this was the great objection to the plan, since two of them, at least, must be left behind. But then it was to be considered that the chances of the two who were left would be as good, or nearly as good, as those who went away; for these, in attempting to make such a voyage in so frail a craft, would expose themselves to the most imminent danger; and, even if they succeeded in reaching a port, those who were left would share the benefit of their success in having succor immediately sent to them.

The work of altering the boat in the manner thus described he thought might be done in three or four months, while the building of the larger vessel anew would require perhaps two years.

All the party, except Harry, at once evinced a disposition to approve of this new plan, not as the most desirable, but as the most practicable. Harry considered it entirely chimerical. If they were to alter the boat, however, in the manner proposed, there would be no difficulty, he said, so far as he was concerned, in determining who should be left behind, for he, for one, would never consent to put to sea in such a craft. He should infinitely prefer to be left behind.

This view of the case on the part of Harry rather helped than hindered the decision, for it tended to relieve them of what might otherwise have been a very serious difficulty—namely, that of determining who should be left behind. So it was finally decided to give up the original design of building a vessel anew, and to see, instead, what they could do in the way of enlarging and strengthening the boat.

They all at once set themselves at work upon the new plan. While George and Harry continued in charge of the duty of procuring and preparing food, and attending to all the interior duties of the cabin, and Aleck went on with his work of making charcoal, Mr. Raynal and the captain commenced operations upon the boat. They first selected a convenient place upon the shore, where the ground sloped gently toward the water, and there laid a platform of timber for the "ways." They then put the new keel upon the boat. This keel was made of a thick plank obtained from the wreck, and was firmly secured by iron bolts. They then placed the boat upon the ways with the bow toward the water—supporting it in a horizontal position by blocks increasing in thickness down the incline. They also put up braces on each side, to secure it in its position.

They then went to work very industriously and perseveringly to make the necessary alterations. It was now March—the commencement with them of the fall of the year—and they were very desirous of getting the boat completed so as to set sail before the winter should set in. So they commenced their work every morning as soon as it was light enough to see, and continued it, with the exception of a short respite for dinner, until dark. The evenings they spent in the blacksmith's shop, fabricating the necessary irons. They framed the requisite addition to the length of the boat—securing the new part to the old by strong iron bands. They put in twenty-four new ribs long enough to rise two feet above the others, and also a new stem-post, which last was secured by strong bands of iron terminated at the top, where they came together, by a ring to secure the end of the bowsprit.

The frame thus constructed was finished at the end of the first week in March. The next thing to be done was to make and put on the planking.

It was not possible to procure materials from the wreck for this work, so they went into the woods. It was very difficult to find straight trees enough of the right size for their purpose, but they gradually procured a supply. These they first squared, and then, with infinite labor, sawed them into planks, or rather boards, about an inch thick and five inches wide. They spent the evenings in making nails. Before nailing these boards on it was necessary to steam them, in order that they might be bent, so as to be fitted to their places. This they did by inclosing them in a cask together with a kettle of boiling water, which, in time, since they were so thin, rendered them sufficiently manageable. They were aided in this operation by the fact that the wood was green, so that the mere heating of it produced in some measure the same effect as the steaming of wood that was seasoned.

The labor of making these planks, and fitting them to their places, including the manufacture of the nails, was so great that two months and a half were expended in accomplishing it. It was not until the middle of June—which was their December—that the "carpenter work" of the hull was completed. Then followed the task of constructing a rudder, and of forging the iron-work necessary for suspending it. This was finished in a few days. Then they had the whole hull, including the deck, to calk, and to manufacture the oakum for this purpose out of old ropes, and also the tools necessary for opening the seams and driving the oakum in. Instead of pitch they made a kind of mastic of lime and seal oil, with which they coated the whole outside surface of the hull, after the calking was done. They found among the spars of the wreck timber for a mast and bowsprit, and also, from what remained of her rigging, the materials for making a set of new sails. Mr. Raynal also recollected having seen at one time a pump among the fragments of the wreck which were strewn along the shore. This he looked up and put in order, and found that it would probably answer their purpose well in case of rough weather and great laboring of their little vessel, which would doubtless result in admitting a good deal of water through the imperfect joints of the outside planking and of the deck.

As they knew that it would be necessary for them to be on deck nearly all the time, especially in bad weather, they cut three scuttles in the deck, in a line with each other, fore and aft—one for each of them—so that they might sit upon the margin of the openings and have their feet in the hold below. All around these openings they nailed seal-skins, which they could draw up over them when they were seated there, supporting the upper part by straps over their shoulders, but leaving their arms free for such management of the sails and rigging as was practicable from those positions. There was very little, in fact, that was not practicable; for, as the boat was only about six feet wide, they could easily reach to each side from their stations in the centre.

Still, as they knew that they would often be required to leave these places of refuge, they set up posts all around the outside of the deck, and connected them with a stout railing, in the way of bulwarks, in order that they might have something to cling to for support in case of boisterous weather.

For a supply of water they cut a cask in two and fitted a cover over the open part, making it as nearly as possible water-tight. They made a small opening in the middle of this cover just sufficient to admit a tin cup and the hand, and closed this opening with a lid working on leather hinges.

The compass, which they had saved from the ship, they secured in its proper place at the helm.

These things being all thus arranged, the boat was ready for the launching. It was seventeen feet long, six feet wide, and a little more than three feet deep. They calculated that its burden was about two and one-half tons.

To prepare for the launching they laid, at low tide, a platform extending down from the bows to where, at high tide, the water would be deep enough to float the boat. They made this platform by first laying short transverse logs, as sleepers, at proper distances apart, securing the ends to posts set deep in the gravel, and then laying a flooring of boards over the sleepers. Every thing was ready for the launching on the 12th of July. On that day, when the tide was up, they pried up the boat with long levers so as to take out the blocks from under her, and, after the blocks were removed, let her down upon the ways. Then, partly by her own gravitation and partly by the prying and pushing and guiding of the men, she was slowly worked down into the water until, to the great satisfaction and joy of her builders, she was fairly afloat. They named her the *Rescue*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"If I wasn't so infernally considerate of the feelings of others, I wouldn't be in this scrape, you know." And the look on Fred Hawkins's face was most doleful.

"How do you make that out?" asked Ralph Avery.

"Why, when I saw how poor little Annie Bush loved me, and I loving her like mad all the time, of course I had to ask her—it was just the time and place for such a scene, down in the woods by the brook, in the cool of the afternoon—and, of course, she said yes."

"And you, you villain, wanted her to say no."

"No, I didn't. There's where you are mistaken. I never was so happy in my life as when she put her little hand in mine, blushing like a rose, and whispered—you know what."

"Why couldn't you let well enough alone, then?"

"That's just it. Why couldn't I? It's because I'm so confoundedly accommodating and considerate, I tell you—nothing else. I had been flirting with the widow, you know, and she was bound to lead me on, and I couldn't bear to disappoint her. So I proposed, and I'll be hanged if she didn't melt down into a heap of tears, blushes, love, and tenderness the first pop. You have no idea what a frantic leap my heart gave when I found out how dead in earnest she was. I couldn't act my natural self for the time being. She, doubtless, ascribed my behavior to my supposed highly ecstatic state of feeling." Here Fred paused, frowned severely, and reflected gloomily.

"Well," laughed Ralph, "you *are* a victim of your own good looks, fascinating ways, and tender heart, if there ever was one."

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, make light of my predicament," ejaculated Fred, "for it's a serious one, I assure you."

"There's only one thing to do," said Ralph.

"What's that?"

"Break off with one of them."

"How can I?"

"Walk up like a man, and tell the truth."

"Good heavens! If I could not resist being drawn into the net, how much harder must it be to get out! No, that will never do."

"Do you intend to marry both of them?"

"The Lord forbid."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Ralph, my boy," said Fred, rising, and grasping Ralph's hand, "you must help me."

"I beg to be excused from participating in any such—"

"There, now, stop where you are. Do not forfeit all claims to my friendship. Just listen a moment."

"But I am such an awkward, ungainly calf, when I get among women."

"Yes, I know it; but you will have nothing in particular to do except hang around and look wise. While sitting here I have concocted a plan in my fertile brain which will at least enable us to gain time. It is only the bare outline of a strategic scheme which must be acted upon for the present."

"Well, out with it."

"Well, to begin with, I have a savage old uncle."

"Have you, indeed?"

"Yes, for present intents and purposes. And he has a wife picked out for me."

"That complicates matters still worse."

"Don't interrupt me. My plan, in brief, is this: I will tell the widow that my uncle is my guardian, and that he is a terribly savage old coon; that he objects seriously to my being married, having views of his own in relation to my future; and that you are sent down here by him to look after me a little, and see how I am behaving. She will at once see the necessity of our engagement, and, indeed, our intimate acquaintance, being kept secrét, and we will act cool toward each other for the purpose of throwing dust into *your* eyes. For you would go straight home and report to my uncle should you observe any thing tender between us, you lynx-eyed spy! Don't you see?"

"Yes."

"And you're just the one to play such a part, being rather solemn and retiring."

"But what about the other one?"

"Little Annie Bush? Oh, she is an unsuspecting little angel. I can manage with her."

"And how is the whole thing to end?"

"Hanged if I know. All I want now is to gain time and consider what course is best. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Oh, you can tell the widow what you please, and I sha'n't contradict you."

"Thank you, Ralph; thank you. Your hand on it!"

"By-the-way, who is the widow?" asked Ralph.

"Who? Oh, I forgot that you'd never seen her. Well, her name is Lucretia Delorme, and I can assure you that she is about as staving a piece of humanity as you ever laid your eyes on."

"Young or old?"

"About thirty. But don't ask any more questions. I'll introduce you, and you can see for yourself. Ten to one that you fall in love with her."

"Oh, come now; I hope you are not leading me into a trap."

"Not a bit of it, on my honor. I am only trying to get out of the tightest place I ever was in."

"I hope you will succeed."

"I hope so too, from the bottom of my heart. But let us take a stroll by the beach now, and get the sea-breeze. This evening we will meet her."

The two walked out arm in arm. Mr. Frederick Hawkins was a young man of elegant figure and prepossessing aspect. There was a lively twinkle in his eye, a good-humored twist to the corner of his mouth, and a genial expression over his whole countenance, which was always attractive, and at times dangerously fascinating; for he was an impressible young man, with plenty of vanity, and infused with impetuous goaheadativeness, which was made manifest in every thing he undertook—even his love-making. His age was three-and-twenty or thereabouts, and at the time of which we write he was spending a few weeks at the sea-shore.

His companion, Ralph Avery, was some ten years his senior, and was a burly, full-figured personage, with a round, plump face. He regarded himself as a confirmed bachelor and proof against woman's wiles, though he was given to blushing when in the presence of the fair sex. He had a bristling mustache, keen black eyes, and could look terribly stern when occasion demanded it.

"Just keep mum, bestow a few of your withering glances on me once in a while," said Fred, "and leave the rest to me."

In the evening there was a party at Colonel Baggerly's, and Fred, being a privileged guest, took Ralph along with him. The mansion was an old and lofty one, with verandas running its entire length, and large, roomy parlors. The guests were many, for Colonel Baggerly was hospitality incarnate, and nothing pleased him so well as to be surrounded by a lively throng of his fellow-creatures. Formality was not countenanced by him. His guests had to enjoy themselves, whether they would or not.

He shook hands with Ralph, bid him a hearty welcome, and slapped Fred on the shoulder.

"Come, the girls have been dying for you the last half hour. Go in and cheer them up. Make love to 'em. Do any thing. Raise hob generally!"

And the lusty old colonel left them to join a bevy a few yards off that was making the room resound with laughter. He was a large, corpulent old man, every line in his face bespeaking whole-souled, energetic good-nature.

Fred spied the widow Delorme in a distant portion of the room, and introducing Ralph to a pale-cheeked, white-haired sylph, hurried off to put his betrothed on guard.

The widow greeted him with a melting smile. He seized her hand and dragged her off to a bay-window.

"My dear Lucretia," he exclaimed, "we're watched!"

"Watched?"

"Yes. My uncle and guardian is a most irascible old gentleman, and, if he knew of our engagement, would kick up a devil of a muss. And what does he do but send a spy down here to watch me, for he knows just what wild schemes I am apt to go into."

"Wild? upon my word!"

"Oh, I don't mean that; for, of course, it isn't wild to marry you. But he is well aware that if I should meet a lovely creature like yourself, it would be just like me to fall in love with her. And now Ralph Avery, his particular friend, is here; and I am sure he would report to the old coon if he should see what we are up to."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, keep the engagement secret, of course. That's the only way to get along unless we want our hopes blasted. We mustn't act loving at all."

"Oh, Fred!"

"I know it will be desperately hard work, at least for me; but we will have to bear it."

Mrs. Delorme sighed.

"Don't take it to heart, my dear. I guess he will go away before long, and then—"

He stopped and looked unutterable things at her. She returned the glance. He took a kiss stealthily, and then they joined the throng, appearing, to observers, as the merest acquaintances. They approached Ralph.

"Mrs. Delorme, Mr. Avery—my particular friend."

Mrs. Delorme and Mr. Avery bowed low, and expressed themselves as pleased to make each other's acquaintance.

At the same time Ralph bestowed a searching scowl on Fred, which amused the latter so intensely that he was compelled to resort to a violent fit of coughing to conceal his laughter. Mrs. Delorme observed it with inward trembling. But, although she was awed by Ralph's large stature and Fred's account of him, still there was something about him that she liked involuntarily. It was not five minutes before they were conversing sociably, on the best of terms.

Fred again darted off, this time in search of Annie Bush, whom he soon found. He repeated to her the story he had related to Mrs. Delorme. Then he felt better. There was no immediate danger of a crisis. He had time to think over his indiscretion and devise some remedy for it. He was again the happiest of men, and the life and soul of the company.

During the evening he drew Ralph to one side.

"It works to a charm, don't it?"

"Pretty well."

"Pretty well! I tell you it is a grand success. Oh, but it will be a good job done if I get out of this scrape!"

"I'll do my best for you."

"Good boy—but you must ask her to dance."

"Who?"

"The widow, of course—Mrs. Delorme."

"I'm very awkward on the floor."

"That makes no difference. I want you to get on as good terms with her as possible, for when the burst-up does come I may need your intercession."

"Well, I will."

"Go right in. She won't mind a few blunders."

And Ralph, who was rather diffident about showing off his awkwardness in dancing, soon found himself going through the intricate figures of a quadrille, his hands alternately touching the lovely palms of the widow, and resting tremblingly on her waist. She helped him over the rough places, and when it was over assured him, with a silvery smile, that he "was a splendid dancer." He felt an unaccustomed thrill as he was near her and listened to her lively conversation and gazed into her bright, animated face. He ceased to marvel at Fred's infatuation, and sighed as he wondered if he was always to be a bachelor.

He danced with her again and again, and fairly astonished himself by his own gayety and audacity. And, strange to say, he was sorry when the party broke up; for it was one of his cardinal principles to regard such things as bores.

When it was all over, and Fred and Ralph went to their room, the latter was unusually taciturn. To Fred's rattling conversation he replied only in monosyllables; and, indeed, did not appear to hear half of his remarks.

"You've done nobly," said Fred. "But I don't see as we're any better off than we were before; do you?"

"Yes—ah—no—where?" said Ralph, looking up vacantly.

Fred paused and stared at him. "Have you lost your senses, man?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it was about the widow that you were talking? I guess we will bring that around all right."

"No; but do you, though? Ah, Ralph, a friend in need is a friend indeed, you know. If you help me out of this, you'll have my lasting gratitude."

"Which one do you want to marry, Fred?"

"Hanged if I know. I'd throw either aside to—no I wouldn't, either. Annie is so young and trusting it would break her heart. And the widow—she is not to be sneezed at; but she is older, and could stand it better. Come to think, I believe she is older than I am. But she is a staving woman, that is certain. There is time enough, however, to discuss that question for several days to come."

The two young men soon retired, and tribulation was forgotten in sound slumber. But tomorrow must come, and then there would be one day less in which to settle the vexed question.

Three weeks passed. Still Fred was a doubly engaged man, and his anxiety had reached its acme. He grew feverish, nervous, and absent-minded. Ralph's brow, too, was frequently clouded; but whether it was on account of trouble of his own, or sympathy for Fred, was unknown.

One day Ralph and Mrs. Delorme were out riding, and stopped at a romantic forest glade to gather wild-flowers. Mrs. Delorme was beautiful, light-hearted, and chatty. Ralph was abstracted and moody, yet assiduously attentive. They sat down to rest on a moss-covered bank. The wind murmured through the myriad leaves with that restless uncertain sound that can be interpreted as expressing any emotion, from the wail of the mourner to the song of the happy lover.

"I'm a terribly crusty old bachelor," said Ralph. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Delorme?"

"Not very crusty, nor very old, in my opinion," she replied, gently.

He looked at her steadily. "That's your opinion, is it?"

"It is."

There was a pause.

"Mrs. Delorme, I had a heart three weeks ago."

She looked at him curiously.

"But I haven't now."

"No?"

"No."

Another pause.

"You have stolen it," he at last blurted out.

"I!" she exclaimed, recoiling from him, and regarding him with surprised eyes and crimson cheeks.

"There, there! Never mind. I hope I have done no harm. Don't mention it."

She smiled at his confusion. Of course she was perfectly self-possessed, being a widow, and a beautiful one at that.

"I don't know that you have done any great harm, Mr. Avery."

He then stammered out: "I can't help it, Mrs. Delorme—I'm going to say it. During the past few weeks I have learned to love you, even though I knew it would be of no use. But you won't be offended at my telling you of it, will you? Your heart is given to another" (an exclamation from the widow). "He is younger than I. You love him better—"

"Do I?"

"Don't you?"

Her eyes were cast down now, and she made no reply. Ralph was in a misery of doubt and hope. "Fred is young and handsome," he began.

"Fred!" she interrupted. "What do you

know of that? Has the wretch been telling you, after cautioning me?"

"There! I *am* a blunderer!" exclaimed Ralph. "I have ruined him in your estimation."

"His uncle—"

"Bother his uncle! That's all a fiction."

"You amaze me."

"Yes, and I must tell the whole story now. I wouldn't if I did not think so much of you. But *you* shall not be the victim of his folly any longer. The truth is, he is rather a wild young fellow, and not half good enough for you. He wanted me to help him out of a scrape. He engaged himself both to you and Annie Bush."

"What are you telling me?"

"The truth. When I came here he confessed all to me, and induced me to pretend to be a spy acting on behalf of his fictitious uncle. He doubtless told you about it, and repeated the same story to Annie Bush. This was to keep the matter quiet, so that he could have time to devise some means of getting out of the scrape."

"The wicked fellow! It would serve him right for both of us to cut him altogether."

"Oh no! Fred is a good-hearted fellow, more indiscreet than wicked."

"Indiscreet! I should think so. But," she added, laughing, "it was rather an awkward position for him. I don't envy his state of mind. He ought to be punished, though."

"So he had. I wonder how it could be done?"

"Can't you think of any way?"

"I don't know," said Ralph.

"Think," said Mrs. Delorme. "Oh, I have it! Suppose somebody—you, for instance—should marry one of his sweet-hearts—not Annie!" Somehow she was sitting very near him just then, and her hand was where he could conveniently reach it. He grasped it suddenly, and a new light came into his eyes, as he burst out:

"Oh, Mrs. Delorme! oh, Lucretia! if you only would! What a glorious plan that would be! Give yourself to me, and, with all my roughness, I think I could care for you lovingly. For I love you with all my strength. Not alone to punish him, but to fill the great craving of my soul. Oh, say that you will be mine!"

His arm was around her by this time, and, as she did not resist him, he drew her close to him with a tight embrace, and kissed her ripe lips over and over again. Then he exclaimed, "Say yes, darling, that I may be assured of this great happiness!"

She uttered the desired syllable softly, for which she was rewarded with another ebullition of Ralph's pent-up feelings.

"There," she said, pushing him gently away. "That will do now. What are you going to tell Fred?"

"The exact truth. He wanted me to help him out of his scrape, and I've done it in a manner that will slightly astonish him, I imagine."

Ralph found Fred looking rather gloomy that evening.

"Cheer up, old boy!" he cried. "I've fixed it all right for you."

"You have?"

"Yes. Congratulate me," holding out his hand.

"What do you mean?"

"Congratulate me, I say!" and he seized Fred's hand and shook it violently.

"I don't understand."

"You'll have no more trouble with the widow."

"How—why?"

"I'm going to marry her myself."

"The devil!"

"Congratulate me, I say, and tell me you wish me joy. Come!"

"But what do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so. Now go and marry sweet little Annie Bush."

"Ralph," said Fred, solemnly, "I always thought you were my friend."

"I hope I am."

"Then why have you played me false in this way?"

"Played you false! What do you mean, you villain? Didn't you want me to help you out of your scrape? And haven't I done it, and done it well?"

Fred was silent, and pondered gloomily. "I'm disappointed in the widow," he muttered.

"Now don't make a fool of yourself any longer," exclaimed Ralph, impatiently. "Act like a sensible man, if you are capable of it. You can't marry them both, and you know you love Annie."

Fred was again silent, but this time a smile gradually crept over his features. "Ralph, you *are* a brick," he at length said. "Certainly I'll congratulate you, and heartily too." He jumped up and seized Ralph's hand. "I wish you the greatest joy that this earth affords."

"My dear Annie, there is no longer any necessity for concealing our engagement."

"Oh, I'm so glad! But your uncle?"

"Oh, he has relented."

"How good of him!"

"That is, I don't believe he ever would have raised any serious objection."

"Ah! And are we to see him?"

"In fact, Annie, I have no uncle."

Annie looked up in mute amazement.

"Now don't be angry, Annie, dear. There were other reasons. There was another—that is, I was hampered by serious embarrassments that rendered it necessary to—ah—keep certain parties conciliated—conciliated—that's it. But it is all past now, and you wouldn't care to listen to particulars, so we'll say nothing about it."

"You don't love any body else, do you, Fred?" with a look of pitiful apprehension.

"No, indeed, my little rose-bud. You alone fill my heart. You are the light of my existence. My whole love shall always be given to you."

She nestled her arm more closely within his as they walked along under the spreading elms.

Just then they met Ralph Avery and Mrs. Delorme. Fred turned all colors, and his mind was in a perfect frenzy in his efforts to invent some excuse for turning back. Before he could collect himself, however, the couples met.

Mrs. Delorme's face was calm, happy, and serene, though she darted a significant look at Fred. The latter was afterward heard to declare that that moment was the most uncomfortable one he ever passed in his whole life. Ralph enjoyed the scene hugely, and Annie was in blissful ignorance of what was passing in the minds of the other three.

But what mattered it? Fred's trouble was over, Ralph was no longer to be a bachelor, all were supremely happy, and—isn't that enough?

THE QUEEN'S CUP.

This elegant cup, won by the yacht *America* in the great Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes, England, in 1851, and by the yacht *Magic* in the recent yacht race from Clifton, Staten Island, round the light-ship, is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscriptions:

Schooner *America*, 170 Tons,
Commodore John C. Stevens.
Built by George Steers,
of New York,
1851.

100 Guinea Cup,
Won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England,
By Yacht *America*,
at the
Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta,
Open to all Nations;
Beating—

Cutters.			Schooners.		
Volante,	48	Tons.	*Beatrice,*	161	Tons.
Arrow,	84	"	*Wyvern,*	205	"
Alarm,	193	"	*Ione,*	75	"
Mona,	82	"	*Constance,*	218	"
Bacchante,	80	"	*Gipsy Queen,*	160	"
Freak,	60	"	*Brilliant*	392	"
Eclipse,	50	"			

Presented to the
New York Yacht Club,
as a
Challenge Cup,
Open to all Foreign Clubs,
by the Owners,
John C. Stevens, Geo. L. Schuyler,
Hamilton Wilks, J. Rodman Finlay,
Edwin A. Stevens.

On page 532 we give an accurate engraving of the cup.

THE MITRAILLEUR.

The system in use in the French army is kept a secret, we therefore give that of **Christophe** and **Montigny**, which is adopted at Berlin, Vienna, and Liege, and in England.

The mitrailleur of Messrs. **Christophe** and **Montigny** is the result of an ingenious breech-loading device combined with a number of guns united. The specimen shown in our engravings is a mitrailleur of 37 guns, firing 481 balls per minute. It has the appearance of a small field-gun, except that the part simulating the cylindrical piece holds thirty-seven rifled barrels of cast steel, of a calibre of from ten to fourteen millimeters or more, placed in juxtaposition, so as to form a fasces, and enveloped in a wrought-iron cylinder. On the back and in the prolongation of the cylinder are two parallel cheeks, connected at the ends by bronze cushions, supporting the curved lever which serves to load or discharge all the guns.

Two levers are sufficient to work the piece. Between the parallel cheeks works the movable battery facing the front of the chamber of the gun; this holds the cartridge-plates, and, by a backward and forward motion, transmitted to it with the aid of a crank by the curved lever placed behind—that is, lowering it as far as it will go—presses down the cartridges into the chamber of the guns, and, at the same time, drives the percussion hammers against the detent slide. It is then only necessary to raise the detent lever, placed laterally and toward the centre of the battery, to discharge all the guns singly or simultaneously.

The discharged plate is instantly removed by means of the rear lever, which is raised, and replaced by another loaded plate, which the lever in falling shoves into the gun.

The mitrailleur rests, at its centre of gravity, on a pivot, which moves in a revolving rest fixed on the carriage; so that a semicircular rotatory movement to the right or the left can be given it at pleasure by means of a crank, which, in firing, produces the effect of a raking fire. A graduated bridge permits it to be aimed at distances exceeding 1500 meters, or a little over 1640 yards. Lastly, two caissons placed on the axles of the carriage are designed to hold—the one, a number of loaded cartridge plates; and the other, the tools necessary for dismounting, cleaning, and remounting the piece, etc.

The experiments that have been made at Brussels, Liege, England, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, have given such satisfactory results that this formidable engine of war, for both field and garrison, has been adopted almost every where, not only in the countries which we have just named, but a large order has just been received for them from China. The reports of foreign officers testify that the mechanism of the **Christophe-Montigny** gun is a master-piece of simplicity and precision.

The absolute average variation of a volley of 37 balls is 1.28 in 700, .77 in 450, and so on. At the distance of 300 meters an 18-meter target is literally cut to pieces; and the penetrating force at 600 meters, through pieces of wood, is about 25 centimeters, or a little over 9 inches.

The projectile weighs 37 grammes, or a little over an ounce. The charge of powder is from 6 to 8 grammes. The last amount is that counseled by the inventors.

The mitrailleur of 37 guns weighs 180 kilogrammes, or 400 pounds, without the carriage, and can be worked by two men. It was found, however, at Vienna, in December, 1869, that to obtain the most rapid firing, or 481 balls per minute, five men were necessary to work the piece.

The front carriage contains from 48 to 56 boxes for loading, and the two caisson hold 16 breech-plates furnished with cartridges. The mitrailleur is, therefore, provided with 2368 cartridges; and a battery of 8 mitrailleurs can hurl on an attacking column 4048 effective projectiles per minute.

In the recent engagement at Saarbrück the mitrailleur was found to be a most effective weapon. But the Prussians claim that they have produced an engine of the same character which is as much superior to the mitrailleur as they believe the needle-gun to be to the chassepot.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

If the early founders of a city could, with prophetic eye, look forward a century or so, what a blessing would it be to their posterity! If the venerated fathers who commenced the settlement of New York city had understood the commercial advantages of the location, and what a great metropolis was to grow out of small beginnings, how differently would they have laid their plans! Or if, in more recent times, a wiser forethought had governed the rulers of our city, what benefits would have rested, like a benediction, upon us! Aside from the Central Park, there are only about ninety acres of public parks and squares in New York. What are these among so many? Moreover, many of the small parks have been so utterly neglected that they are any thing but attractive. This great and crowded populace should have more breathing-places to preserve both physical and moral health. It is gratifying to know that the new Department of Public Works have already commenced to renovate existing public squares, so as to make them beautiful and attractive resorts, and even propose to establish new ones. What a blessing will the proposed park at the Five Points be to that locality! A sodded green, inclosed by an iron railing, will be a delightful rest and retreat in that whilom abode of poverty and crime. Nay, more. An attractive park at the Five Points, or in any wretched quarter of our city, will exert a positive moral influence, and prove itself to be a valuable missionary among the people. Let us, then, gladly hail every addition and improvement in this department. Before the close of the season the Battery will be laid out in large grass-plots and tastefully ornamented; important improvements are projected for Washington Park; and in the lower part of the city several open tracts of land are to be inclosed and beautified for the good of the public.

English papers state that Mark Lemon's notes on the origin and history of *Punch* have been found among his papers, and are to be published.

The saddest episode of the trip of the *Dauntless* occurred on the third morning of the voyage. While engaged in furling the flying jib, two men, Charles Scott and Albert Demar, were swept off the boom, a heavy gale prevailing at the time. Buoys were thrown to them, and a boat lowered with all possible dispatch; but the search for the missing men, though protracted two hours, was fruitless. Scott was a good swimmer, and was undoubtedly hurt in falling. Demar could not swim. He was—as was ascertained from letters in his chest—a German baron abandoned by his family. His sister is the wife of a colonel in the army of the Grand Duke of Baden-Baden. The hours lost in searching for the missing men, and the depression created in consequence of the disaster, were, perhaps, the cause of the *Dauntless* arriving here second in the race.

A biography of Charles Dickens has just been published in London, and has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which is said to be the best which has appeared. The biographer, in addition to his own means of acquiring information, has received assistance from many of Mr. Dickens's most intimate friends, so that the contents of the work are thoroughly reliable. The career of the late novelist, from the publication of the "Pickwick Papers," in 1836, to his latest Christmas story, is described with great fidelity, and the various incidents of his life are eloquently dilated upon. The volume contains numerous illustrations, among which are five portraits of Dickens taken at different periods of his life.

Since the first indications of war with Prussia the French Emperor has apparently taken a new lease of life. All symptoms of gout, with which he has been tormented for some time past, have entirely disappeared, and he is all animation and vivacity.

The best mode of traveling, remarks one who appears to know, is on foot or in the saddle; next in an open carriage. A sea voyage, and almost any mode of traveling by water, is, in general, useful; but it would be a serious practical joke if any one were to advise an invalid to seek for health in a railroad car.

President Grant, for good reasons of his own, declined to attend the races at Long Branch. People queried and wondered, and tried in vain to obtain an exact statement of his reasons. The President is wise, but reticent.

New Sweden is the name given to a new town settled by Scandinavian colonists in the Aroostook country in Maine. At present there are twenty-two families, all intelligent people, and comfortably supplied with means. The remainder of the colony will arrive the last of this month. Each family is entitled to 100 acres of land—five acres to be cleared, and a log-house, with two rooms, is to be built. In five years from the time of occupancy the settler receives from the State a clear title to the property.

One of the most extraordinary literary works on record was performed by a wealthy bachelor, who lately died in Paris. When his heirs were looking for a will they found an immense manuscript, comprising two thousand sheets, and containing innumerable drawings and statistics respecting spinal deformities. For fifty years he had been engaged in collecting from almost every country in the world the statements and observations collected in this gigantic work.

Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede," is preparing a new novel.

Good Health remarks that what people call "bile" is generally lobster, clams, or some indigestible food.

Some persons, under the supposition that night-air is injurious, shut doors and windows before retiring, or even early in the evening. Most certainly great care should be taken to guard against taking cold from sudden changes in the weather. Insufficient clothing in cool evenings and mornings, when the day has been warm, will be likely to cause illness. Nor should one sleep in a draught of air; and if a locality is miasmatic, doubtless the night-air is unwholesome; but surely, under ordinary circumstances, what air is natural for us to breathe in the night, if not the air of night?

Attention is called to some remarkable facts revealed by the census. For example, in various districts and wards of New York city the present total population of men, women, and children is less than the total number of *voters* in those districts at the last election! An exchange states that the Tenth District, Ninth Ward, reports only 2700 inhabitants, yet it cast 4028 votes; the Seventh District, Twenty-first Ward, has 700 inhabitants, but reported 7359 votes!

Certain Parisian ladies are introducing a new fashion—that of patronizing pet serpents. At a concert in the Champs Elysées one of these pets quietly uncoiled itself from the arm of its mistress, and found a home on that of a neighboring lady. Immediate result, hysterics. The owner came to the rescue, claimed her green and yellow darling, and comfortingly observed that it was not venomous.

"It will interest every body," remarks a Maine journal, "to know that the Sedgeeunkedunk is a romantic stream in Brewer, and that the Sowadabscook is in Carmel. The source of the Jerusalemcrickets has not yet been discovered, although it is thought that it must be somewhere in the vicinity of the Musluscomungumjuwippslecoit."

Lagrange, in Kentucky, sends out a startling report that rich mines of gold have been discovered about four miles from that place. Multitudes have thronged the spot to learn the truth of the matter for themselves, and the digging is going on vigorously.

A frequenter of one of the most famous of American watering-places says that there are really half a dozen different Saratogas, and each one attracts its own "set." There is, for example, the Saratoga of the fop and the flirt, whose paradise is the ball-room. This realm is ruled by the millionaire and the managing mother.

There is the Saratoga of the sportsmen.

Then, too, there is the Saratoga of the invalids.

Outside of all these Saratogas there is still another which attracts thousands of sensible, healthy, but busy and overworked people, who come here every year for genuine recreation.

From Newport come sundry bits of "gossip." Ida Lewis is said to have a rival in Miss Kate Field, for not only can she drive a span of horses, but she can swim half a mile, and row a boat all day. She takes care of her boat herself, and brings her oars ashore after each trip. The weather does not much interfere with her favorite amusement, only if it rains, she adds a water-proof cloak to her pretty and convenient boating costume.—Miss Anna Dickinson has gone to the mountains now; but when at Newport her favorite pastime was horseback riding. In her habit of dark green cloth, with velvet jacket, and low-crowned hat, and mounted on a fine bay horse, she attracted much attention, galloping up and down the road, quite unattended.

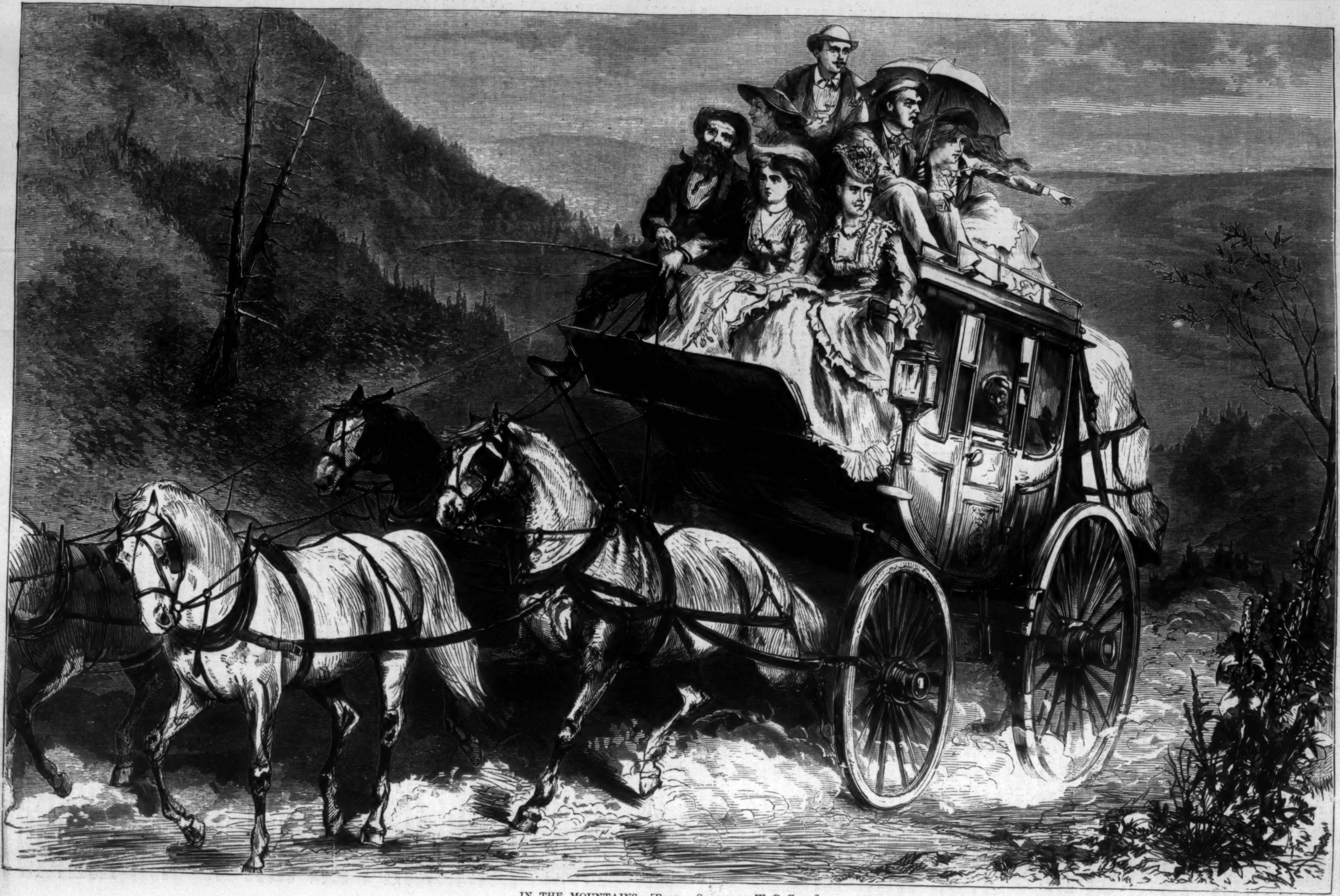
An exchange says that Elihu Burritt desires sealed proposals for 422,633,900,212 tons of book paper on which to print a book containing all the newspaper articles, sermons, etc., that have been printed about Dickens since that author's death!

A few months ago a singular scene took place at Monte Mario, in the neighborhood of Villa Melini, in Rome. While the Pope was walking, supported by the arm of an attendant, among the troop of mendicants, in the vicinity was one cripple, lame in both feet, who appealed to his compassion. His Holiness went up to him, and, in the firm conviction that he is himself a wonderful instrument of divine Providence, with great agitation he raised his hand and said to the helpless mendicant: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!" The poor sufferer, hearing these words from the mouth of infallibility, stood a moment as if electrified, and then, with sparkling eyes, sprung up and advanced two or three paces. The countenance of the Pope beamed with rapture, but in a few seconds the seemingly healed beggar fell heavily to the ground. The Pontiff cried a second time, "Arise, and walk!" but when the patient sprang up again only to fall down anew the hands of the Pope trembled, his voice became hoarse, and he repeated the command a third time, stammering. Another vain convulsive effort revealed all the suffering and disappointment of the beggar. The face of Pope Pius became deadly pale, and he was borne, half fainting, to his carriage. In another moment the vehicle was rolling away at a furious pace, while the unfortunate mendicant lay writhing on the street and groaning.

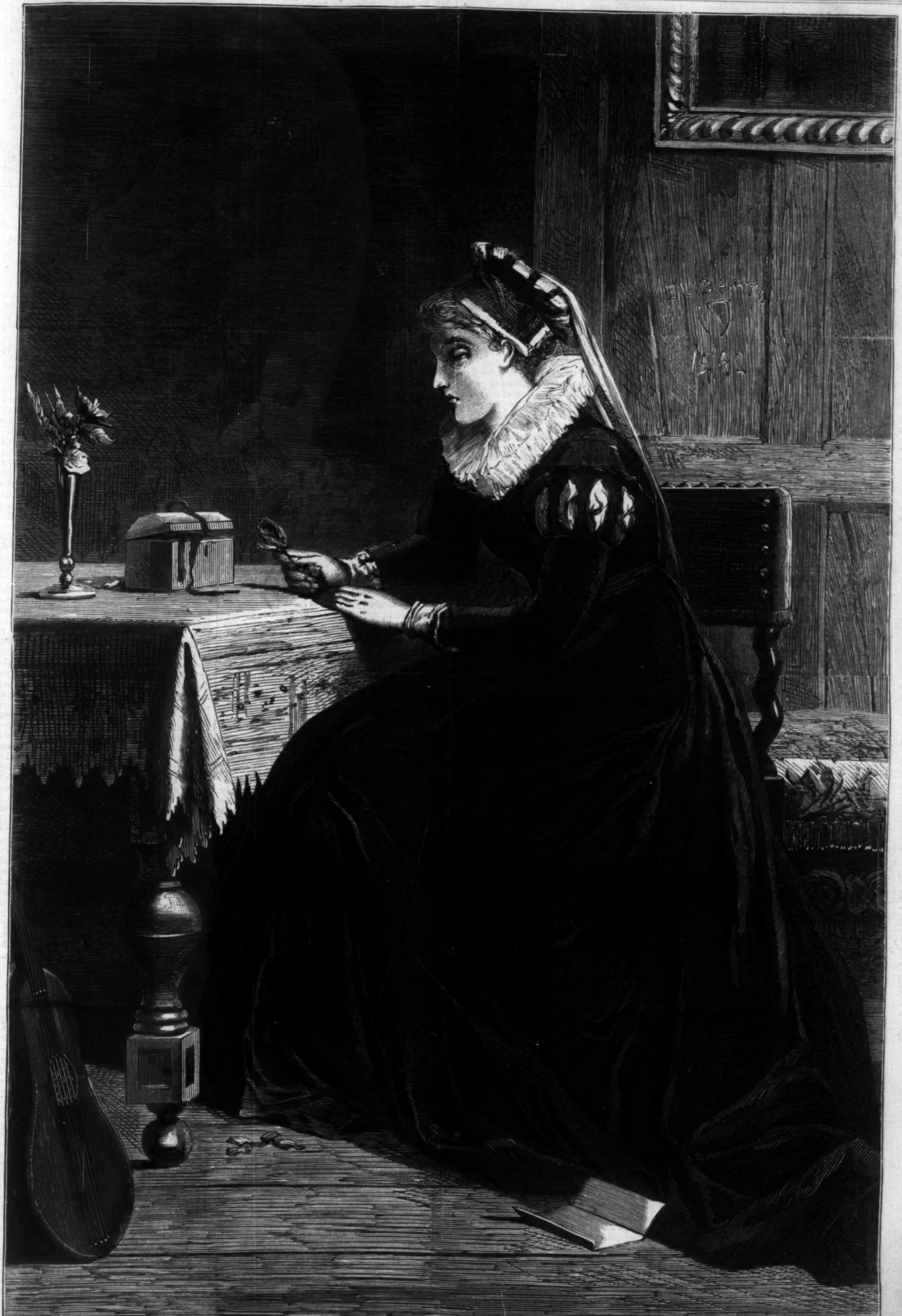
Newport is a damp place—nobody can dispute the fact; but nobody catches cold thereby. The fogs are damaging to thin muslins and all dry-goods containing starch; but, on the other hand, they are said to be highly beneficial to the complexion. If so, the ladies will not mind limp dresses. At any rate, a poor complexion is not so conspicuous seen through misty atmosphere.

The great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City can seat 12,000 persons comfortably, and 15,000 can get within hearing distance of Brigham Young's voice. But this monster structure has little to recommend it except its size, being disproportionately low and destitute of all attempt at tastefulness or ornamentation. The great organ of the Tabernacle is nearly completed, and is already used in the Sunday services. It is the largest ever built in America.

The Ex-Queen of Spain has rented two pretty cottages at Havre for herself and suit for the summer season.



IN THE MOUNTAINS.—[From a Sketch by W. C. Cary.]



OLD TREASURES.—[See Page 540.]

LONG AGO.

O THE days of long ago!
The summer days of long ago!
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
Of intense blue sky; and sweet roses blush,
And woodlands are green with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
But o'ercrossing it all a shadow lies—
Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadows rested there long ago!

O the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine clusters in every hedgerow;
The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
The forget-me-nots growing beside each stream,
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow,
The daisies—no daisies now seem to my mind
Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-bushed meadows long ago!

O the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago!
Alas that we ever could let them go!
We have won to us other friends since then—
Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, and proved them, and found them so;
But we miss—if the truth we dare confess—
The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

O the love of long ago!
The fond, young love of long ago!
It was not *all* foolishness now we know:
It made for us then a pure paradise
Of opening flowers and innocent eyes,
Till the thorns and thistles had time to grow.
With longer and fuller love now we thrill;
Yet an angel guardeth the mem'ry still
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

O the hopes of long ago!
The brave, vain hopes of long ago!
We vowed to diminish the want and woe
That darken this earth God made so bright;
We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should the better grow.
We felt strong as young giants in our might;
But who of us all has fought out the fight,
And kept to the faith of long ago?

O the sunny long ago!
The careless, happy long ago!
Borne forward on Time's never-ceasing flow,
We backward glance through the gathering haze
Of dreary nights, and still drearier days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
And we utter a cry of longing vain
For the life that we never can live again,
That died in our spring-time long ago!

Yearning so for long ago,
Wailing so for long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
Of a land where we shall renew our youth,
And wear the white robes of unwav'ring truth;
And walk in the fields where the am'ranths grow,
And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
And look on a Sun whom no shadows pursue,
And never more wish for, time long ago!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

YORKE REPORTS PROGRESS.

I TRUST it will not be imagined, and far less hoped for, by any reader of this sober narrative, that the phrase which concluded the last chapter implies that he or she is about to be introduced to bad company. The fair sex will not be without their representatives in our story, and that soon; but they will not be such as blushed unseen (if they blushed at all) in the bowers at Crompton. Mr. Ryll's suggestion, "Let us join the ladies," was only an elegant way he had, and which was well understood by his audience, of proposing an adjournment to the billiard-room. If that worthy old gentleman could be said to have had any source of income whatever, it was the billiard-table; and hence it was that he was always ready to proceed thither. Nor had he boasted without reason, a while ago, of his powers of self-denial, for he would often forego a glass of generous wine (when he felt that he had had enough), in order to keep his hand steady for the game at pool, which invariably took place at Crompton after dinner. His extreme obesity, though it deprived him of some advantages in the way of "reach," was, upon the whole, a benefit to him. His antagonists lost the sense of his superiority of skill in their enjoyment of the ridiculous and constrained postures in which he was compelled to place himself, and he was well content to see them laugh and lose. None but a first-rate player could have held his own among that company, whose intelligence had been directed to this particular pursuit for most of their natural lives; and even "Tub Ryll," as they called him, had to supplement his dexterity by other means to make success secure. His liveliest sallies, his bitterest jests, were all reserved for these occasions, so that mirth or anger was forever unstringing the nerves of his competitors, and diminishing their chance of gain. It was difficult to unstring the nerves of Parson Whymper, who ran him very close in skill, and sometimes divided the spoil with him; but on the present occasion he had a wordy weapon to baffle even that foe. This consisted in constant allusion to the latter's supposed reversionary interest in the living at Crompton, the incumbent whereof was ancient and infirm, and which was in the Squire's gift. This piece of preferment was the object of the chaplain's dearest hopes, and the last subject he would have chosen to jest upon, especially in the presence of its patron.

"Is he to have it, Squire, or is he not?" would be Tub Ryll's serious inquiry, just as it was the parson's turn to play on him, or, "Who backs the vicar elect?"—observations which seldom failed to cost that expectant divine a sovereign, for the play at the Hall table, although not so high as was going on in the Library with those who patronized cards, was for considerable stakes. Carew, who enjoyed, above all things, this embarrassing pleasantry, would return an ambiguous reply, so that the problem remained without a solution. But when the disgusted chaplain at last threw up his cue, in a most unusual fit of dudgeon, the Squire put the question to the company, as a case of church preferment of which he was unwilling to take the sole responsibility. "The sum," he said, "which had been offered to him for the next presentation would exactly defray the cost of his second pack of hounds, which his chaplain himself had advised him to put down; so the point to be considered—"

"The hounds, the hounds!" broke in this impatient audience, amidst roars of laughter. And nobody knew better than poor Parson Whymper that this verdict would be more final than that of most other ecclesiastical synods, and that he had lost his preferment. It was Carew's humor to take jest for earnest (as it was to turn into ridicule what was serious), and to pretend that his word was pledged to decisions to which nobody else would have attached the slightest weight; it pleased him to feel that his lightest word was law, or perhaps it was a part of the savage adoration which he professed to pay to truth.

Byam Ryll felt a genuine regret that he had pushed matters so far, though Whymper himself was to blame for having shown temper, and thereby precipitated the catastrophe. But he did not play the less skillfully on that account; and, moreover, had no rival to divide the pool with him.

"I would give five pounds if somebody would beat him," muttered the discontented parson within Yorke's hearing, who was standing aloof with his cigar watching the game.

"I think I *could*," said the young man, quietly, "if I *had* five pounds."

As the pool was two pounds, and the lives were one, this was exactly the amount of pecuniary risk to be run, and which want of the necessary funds had alone prevented the young man from incurring.

"Here is a fiver," replied the parson, softly.

"But I really have no money," remonstrated Yorke, though his fine face lit up for a moment with delight (for he was a gambler to the core), "nor any expectation of—"

"Yes, yes; you have expectations enough," answered the other, hurriedly. "You may give me that living yet yourself—who knows? Take a ball, man—take a ball."

So, when another game commenced, the young landscape-painter, who had spent at least as much of his short life at those boards of green cloth called "public tables" as in studying the verdant hues of nature, made one of the combatants, and not a little astonished them by his performance. He had the eye of a hawk, with the litheness of a young panther; and his prudence during the late debauch had preserved his steadiness of hand. Mr. Theodore Fane had the misfortune to be his immediate predecessor, and was "potted" at long distances.

"By Jove!" exclaimed he, sulkily, upon losing his last life by a double, "you must have lived by your wits, young gentleman, to have learned to play pool like that."

"I have," returned Yorke, without moving a muscle, and preparing to strike again. "You will come to do the same, if you play much at this game—but your sad end will not be protracted. You will starve to death with considerable rapidity."

"My dear Mr. Yorke," said Byam Ryll, approvingly, "you have won my heart, though I can't afford to let you win my sovereigns; I like you, but I must kill you off, I see."

"Unless—" said Yorke.

"Unless what?" inquired Ryll, as he made his stroke at Yorke's ball, which was quite safe, and grazed it with his own, which, gliding off another ball, found its way into a pocket. For once, he had really allowed himself to be "put off" his aim.

"Unless you commit suicide," replied the young fellow, smiling. "I was about to warn you of the danger of that kiss."

"You are worse than a highway robber, young Sir," said the annoyed old gentleman.

"That's true," returned Yorke, "for I take your money and your 'life.'"

The young fellow repaid his loan that night, besides putting half a dozen sovereigns into his own pocket; and there was other fruit from that investment.

Carew was delighted with his son's skill, though his wit was somewhat wasted on him. "Why the deuce did you not play in the first game?" said he, when the party broke up to adjourn to the hazard-table. "I suppose it was your confounded cunning" (and here his face grew dark, as though with some recollection of the past); "you wanted to see how they played before you pitted yourself against them—did you? How like, how like!"

"I had no money, Sir, until Parson Whymper lent me some."

"Oh, that was it—was it?" said the Squire. "Well, well, that was not your fault, lad, nor shall it be mine—here, catch," and out of his breeches-pocket he took a roll of crumpled notes, and flung them at him; then suddenly turned upon his heels, with what sounded like a muttered execration at his own folly.

Yorke did not risk this unexpected treasure on the chances of the dice, but retired to his own room. It was a dainty chamber, as we have said, and offered in its appointments a curious contrast to his late sleeping-room in the keeper's lodge. He opened the door of communication to which the Squire had referred, and found himself in a sort of boudoir, in which, as in his own room, a good fire was burning. By the lover of art-furniture, this latter apartment would have been pronounced a perfect gem. Here also every article was of ebony, and flashed back the blaze from the red coals like dusky mirrors. Yorke lit the candles—huge waxen ones, such as the pious soul in peril sees in his mind's eye, and promises to his saint—and looked around him with curiosity. Like the little Marchioness of Mr. Richard Swiveller, he had never seen such things, "except in shops;" or rather, he had seen single specimens of such exposed in windows of great furniture warehouses, rather as a wonder and a show than with any hope to tempt a purchaser. On one hand stood an ebony cabinet, elaborately carved with fruit and flowers, it was divided into three parts, and their shut doors faced with plate-glass gave it the appearance of a tripartite altar with its sacred fire kindled. A casket almost as large glowed close beside it, enriched with figures and landscapes, and with shining locks and hinges, as he afterward discovered, of solid gold. A book-case of the same precious wood was filled with volumes bound in scarlet—all French novels, superbly if not very decorously illustrated. But the article which astonished the new tenant of this chamber most was the ebony escritoire that occupied its centre, with every thing set out for ornament or use that is seen on a lady's writing-table. It was impossible that such nick-nacks as he there beheld could be intended for male use, and still less for such men as were the Squire's guests. Did this chamber and its neighbor apartment usually own a female proprietress? and if so, why was *he* placed there? This idea by no means alarmed the young landscape-painter, who had no more *mauvaise honte*, nor dislike to adventures of gallantry, than Gil Blas de Santillane. He sat down at the escritoire, and, taking up a gilt pen with a ridiculous silk tassel, began a letter to the same person to whom that day he had already dispatched a missive; but this time it was not so brief: the day of brilliant dies and illuminated addresses had not as yet set in, so he wrote at the top of the little scented sheet, in a bold free hand, the word Crompton! and put a note of admiration after it. Had you seen his face as he did so, you would have said it was a note of triumph.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—*Veni, vidi, vici*—I have come, I have seen him, and I am at all events tolerated. The perilous moment was when I told him who I was. He said he was half disposed to set his bull-dog at me, but he didn't; on the contrary, he at once bid me exchange my bachelor's quarters for the two chambers I at present occupy, and which remind me of the *Arabian Nights*. I have never seen any thing like them; the furniture of both is of ebony; but the most curious part of the affair is, that they are evidently designed for a lady. Imagine your Richard sleeping under a coverlet of real Brussels lace! Every thing in the house, however, is magnificent, or was so once, before it was damaged by barbarous revel. Such orgies as I have witnessed to-night would seem incredible, if I wrote them; the *Modern Midnight Entertainment* of old Hogarth will supply you with the *dramatis personæ;* but the splendor of the surroundings immensely heightened the effect of it all. Carew and his friends might have sat for Alaric and his Goths carousing amidst the wreck of the art treasures of Rome. Nothing that he has affords him any satisfaction; though, if it is of great cost, Chaplain Whymper tells me that he derives a momentary pleasure from its willful damage. This man and one other are the only persons of intelligence about Carew; but even they have no influence with him that can be depended on. If madness were always hereditary indeed, I might consider myself doomed. You were right there, I own; but you must needs allow that in undertaking this adventure contrary to your advice I have effected something. The chaplain is already speculating upon my future fortunes, and he knows his patron better than any body; at all events, if I am turned out of doors to-morrow (which I am aware is quite on the cards), I shall have three hundred pounds in my pocket, which Carew, with a 'Catch that,' threw me in notes, exactly as you throw a chicken-bone to *Dandy* as he sits on his hind-legs, though I did not 'beg' for them, I do assure you. The immediate cause of my being invited hither was as follows [here the writer described his exploit with the stags]. This, with our match at fisticuffs by moonlight, had greatly inclined Carew to favor me; yet, when the disclosure of my identity was made, I thought for a moment all my pains were lost. He resented the intrusion exceedingly; but then he had himself invited me to be his guest; and he holds his word as good as his bond. Indeed, by what the chaplain tells me, it will soon be held something better, for even his vast estate is crumbling away, acre by acre, beneath the load of lavish expenditure it has to bear. There must be much, however, at the worst, to be picked up among the *débris* of such a fortune.

"I am aware that it is in the last degree improbable that Carew will be persuaded to make a will in *any body's* favor at present. He imagines, I think, that the whole world is made for his sole enjoyment—it almost might be so, for all he sees to the contrary—and never dreams that he will die. But it is also certain that he will die early; and more than likely that he will come to grief, when he has lost his nerve, in one or other of the mad exploits which he will be too proud to discontinue. Then will your Richard become the most assiduous and painstaking of nurses that ever humored crack-brained patient. But there! I have made a dozen programmes of what is to happen, and this is but a specimen. Who can tell? I may be heir of Crompton yet, or I may come back to you to-morrow like a bad penny, and with what the vulgar describe as a flea in my ear.

"It will not surprise you to learn that you are personally held in great disfavor here, though the chaplain (who has heard all from the Squire's lips) speaks of you with due respect. The last thing that is desired at Crompton is, of course, the return of its lawful mistress. Carew himself is very bitter against you, which is doubtless owing to the good offices of grandmamma. The clock has just struck four, which bids me close this letter, though of all the Squire's guests, to judge by the wrangling that is going on in the Library below stairs, the first to retire will be your affectionate son,

"RICHARD YORKE.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that Carew made the most pointed inquiries as to whether I had any other profession than that of landscape-painting. Would it not be strangely comical if he should bestir himself to get me some Civil appointment! I almost fancied he must have been thinking of doing so, from some scraps of talk I heard him let fall at dinner. Curiously enough, by-the-by, who should have been sitting at his right-hand, but Frederick Chandos, Jack's brother! 'Good Heaven!' (you will say), 'suppose it had been Jack himself;' however, it was not."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW BENEDICT BECAME A BACHELOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour at which Yorke retired to his sumptuous couch, he was up the next morning betimes. He was restless, and eager to explore the splendors of the house, that had been so nearly his inheritance, for it was not without a stubborn contest that the law had deprived him of what he still believed to be his rights. Nor had Crompton, in his eyes (as we have hinted), only the interest of Might-have-been; it had that of Might-be also. If not absolutely sanguine, he was certainly far from hopeless of fortune making him that great amends; at all events, while the opportunity was afforded him, which he well knew might be lost forever by his own imprudence, or through the caprice of another, he resolved not to neglect it. It was broad daylight, yet not a soul was stirring in all the stately place; nothing but the echo of his own footsteps, as he trod the corridor, and entered the great Picture-gallery, met his attentive ear. The collection of old masters at Crompton was varied and valuable; he could have spent hours among them with infinite pleasure, if the intoxicating thought that they all might be one day his own, had not been present to mar their charms. He regarded them less as an admiring disciple, or a connoisseur, than as an appraiser. The homely life-scenes of Jan Stein, the saintly creations of Paul Veronese, the warmth of Rubens, and the stateliness of Vandyck, were all measured by one standard—that of price. The contents of this one room alone, thought he, "represent no moderate fortune."

When his eye strayed to the tall windows, and rested on the wooded acres which owned in mad Carew a nominal master, the beauty of dale and upland touched him not at all. "I wonder now," sighed he, "how much of this is dipped?" It was a good sign, he thought, that in one room he found a cabinet containing no less than fifty antique cameos; for, if the pressure of pecuniary difficulty had really begun to be severe, the Squire would surely have parted with what must have been in his view useless lumber, and was so easily convertible into cash. The Library offered a strange spectacle: chairs thrown down, and broken glasses, bore witness to the wildness of last night's revel; the splendid carpet was strewn with the ends and ashes of cigars, and with packs of cards; and on the table, scratched in all directions by the sharp spurs of fighting-cocks, still lay the dice and caster. The atmosphere was so heavy with the fumes of wine and smoke that Yorke was glad to escape from it, through a half-opened window, into the morning air.

How bright and fresh it was! How much there was of bracing enjoyment, of wholesome gayety, in the mere breath of it; how much of invigorating delight in the mere sight of the glittering turf, the beaded trees, to which the hoar-frost had lent its jewels! But such cheap luxuries are not only unknown to those who are sleeping off their debauch of the past night during the brightest hours of the day; they are also lost upon those who rise early in the morning, to follow the strong drink of greed and envious expectation. Richard Yorke enjoyed them not, save that he felt his lungs play more freely. A couple of gardeners were at work upon the lawn, of one of whom he asked the way to the stables, the report of the completeness and perfection of which had often reached him. The house and its furniture—nay, the house and its inmates—were of less consequence in the Squire's eyes than the arrangements of his loose-boxes. The old dynasty of Houyhnhnms was re-established at Crompton; the Horse bare sway, or was at least held in higher account than the Human. The Horse, the Hound, the Pheasant, the Bag-fox, and, fifthly, Man, were there the gradations of rank; and a compound being—half man, half brute—was, by a not unparalleled freak of fortune, the master of all. Carew had never fed his mares with human flesh, but there was a legend that he had rubbed a friend over with aniseed, and offered that dainty morsel to his dogs. The victim was snatched away again, however, by some officious underling, who justified his interference upon the ground that the hounds would have been spoiled by such an indulgence; and the Squire had pardoned him. This was one of the stories about the Master of Crompton which divided the country into those who believed it and those who did not; but Walter Grange had told it to Richard as a characteristic fact.

The stables were indeed a marvel, not only of cleanliness and comfort, but, if it had been possible by any arts of daintiness to make them coxcombs, such would Carew's horses have become. They had looking-glasses in their own glossy coats, and yet it was not well for one of them to be an especial favorite with its master, for it more than once happened that he would ride such so often and so long that it fell under him, killed with kindness, overwhelmed with his oppressive favor. On such occasions, if the Squire happened to have been as devoted as usual to his brandy flask, he would shed copious tears, which many instanced as a proof that he was neither selfish nor cold-hearted.

The kennels were of vast proportions, hedged in by high palisades, through the interstices of which many a black muzzle now protruded, sniffing like ill-tempered women, or uttering shrill whines of despair. As Yorke, with his hands buried in his pockets, for they were cold, though his head was too well provided with clustering hair to be conscious of the absence of a hat, was contemplating this spectacle with cynical amusement, up strode the chaplain, wholesome and ruddy-looking.

"You are up betimes—as Crompton hours go—Mr. Yorke; I hope such good habits will not be undermined by evil associations. How I envy you your constitution, to be able to face this November mist with a bare head!"

"Nay, parson," rejoined the young man, "you must have risen early yourself to know that there *was* a mist. It's clear enough now all round. I suppose our impatient friends yonder," pointing to the kennel, where all the dogs, hearing the chaplain's voice, were now in full chorus, "will have their will this morning?"

"Yes; it is this pack's turn to hunt."

"I wish, for your sake, Mr. Whymper, that there was only one pack," observed Yorke, with good-natured earnestness.

"Ah, you are referring to that foolish talk about the living last night. Poor Ryll is quite broken-hearted about it this morning; and, in fact, he did do me an ill turn, though, I am sure, without intending it. It is the misfortune of a professed wit—and especially of a poor one—that he can not afford to be silent."

"You take it more good-humoredly than I should," said Yorke. "I should be inclined to charge something for a joke made at my own expense, where the loss was so considerable."

"You don't look of a very revengeful disposition, neither," returned the chaplain, critically.

"I have never experienced the feeling of revenge," answered the young man, frankly; "but I know what it is to feel wronged, and I think it is lucky that it is the law, and not an individual, that has done me the mischief—one can't have a vendetta against the law, you know. But, if it were a man, ay, though he were my own flesh and blood, he should pay for it—yes, sevenfold. I would not put up with injustice from any human being; and where I could, if the law would not help me, I would right myself with the strong hand."

It was curious to see the effect which this objectless passion wrought upon the young man's face, and even figure. His lithe limbs seemed to grow rigid; his right hand was clenched convulsively; his handsome Spanish countenance was lit up with a sort of dusky glow.

"My dear young friend," said the chaplain, quietly, "my profession, perhaps, ought to suggest to me some serious arguments against the disposition which you so unmistakably evince; but I will confine myself to saying, that such a temper as yours is not to be kept for nothing. It is only men in your father's position who can indulge themselves in such a luxury, I do assure you. You'll come to grief with it some day."

Yorke laughed, good-humoredly. "What must be, will be. Let us hope there will be no occasion for the display of my fire-works. I suppose, what with his two packs of hounds and the rest of it, even my father will be brought to behave himself demurely, sooner or later."

"I should like to see Carew demure," said the chaplain, smiling; "although not reduced to that state by the extremities of poverty. Yes, as you say," he added, in a graver tone, "the pace at which he has been going these twenty years has begun to tell on his fortune. But it is not the dogs that will ruin him (as they ruined poor Ryll, with his few thousands), nor yet his hunters. It is his race-horses on the Downs yonder that will bring him to his piece of bread."

"I suppose so," said Yorke, sighing, not so much on Carew's account as on his own; "he backs a horse because it is his own. That is his confounded egotism."

"Your tie of relationship, Mr. Yorke, does not, I perceive, make you blind to your father's foibles."

"Why should it?" rejoined the young man, passionately. "Am I to feel grateful to him for begetting me? What has he done to make me feel that I owe him aught? Do you suppose I thank him for being admitted here, unacknowledged, uninvited in my own proper person? For being permitted to take my fill at the common trough along with his drunken swine?"

"Nay, my friend," interposed the chaplain, coldly; "the food and wine are of the best; and we should never scoff at good victual. If you have so proud a stomach, why are you here? It embarrasses you to answer the question. Let me, then, shape the reply. 'I have a sense of my own dignity,' you would say, 'far keener than that of my father's flatterers and favorites; but, on the other hand, I humiliate myself for a much greater stake.'"

"*I* humiliate myself?" reiterated the young man, angrily.

"You take money that is not very gracefully offered for your acceptance, my young friend," said the chaplain, quietly.

"You saw him, did you?" cried Richard, hoarse with shame and passion.

"No; I did not; but I heard him swearing at you at the hazard-table for having emptied his pockets; and I am familiar with his mode of bestowing presents. You must forgive me, Mr. Yorke," added Parson Whymper, dryly; "but you ought to know that when a man has lost his own self-respect, he is naturally averse to the profession of independence in another."

"If you deem yourself a dependent, Mr. Chaplain," replied Yorke, bitterly; "you still permit yourself some frankness."

"Yes; that is one of the few virtues which are practiced at Crompton. You will find me speak the truth."

There was irony in Parson Whymper's tone; and yet the young man felt that he was not the subject of its cynicism. Was it possible that this hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-headed divine was scornful of himself, and of his own degraded position? Yorke did not credit him with any such fine feeling. He had read of Swift at Temple's, and could understand the great Dean's bitterness against a shallow master and his insolent guests, but that a man should become despicable to himself, was unintelligible to him.

"Of course," continued the chaplain, smiling at his evident bewilderment, "I could have been as smooth-spoken as you please, my young friend; but I had estimated your good sense too highly to endeavor to conciliate you by such vapid arts."

"I thank you," said Yorke, thoughtfully. "I hope you were right there; I am sure at least that from your mouth I could hear home truths, which from another's would be very unpalatable. You are good enough to speak as though you would wish us to be friends. I am going to ask you, therefore, to do me a favor."

"I will do any thing that lies in my power; but do not, for your own sake, press me to influence your father—"

"No, no; it is not that," broke in the other, hastily. "It lies with yourself to grant my request. I wish to hear from you the true story of Carew's marriage with my mother."

"The *true story?*" echoed Parson Whymper. "Nay; I can not vouch for being possessed of that. I have only heard it from your grandmother: the counsel for the prosecution is scarcely a reliable authority for the facts of a case."

"And I have only heard the defense," said Yorke. "Let me now, for the first time, know what was urged upon the other side, and so weightily," the young man gloomily added, "that it made my mother an outcast, and myself a disgraced and penniless lad. You see, I know exactly what was the end of it all, so do not fear to shock me."

"There can be no disgrace where one has not one's self to blame," urged the chaplain.

"You think so?" broke in the other, bitterly. "What! not when one's mother is to blame, for instance? Well, please begin."

"I had much rather not," said the chaplain. "It would be much better for you to get the newspaper report of the case—I can tell you the exact date—and read both *pro* and *con.*"

"No report was ever published, Mr. Whymper; the case was heard with closed doors, or suppressed by Carew's influence. So much, perhaps—to judge by your face—the better for me."

"I think it would be better for you not to hear it, even now, Mr. Yorke," returned the chaplain, not without a touch of tenderness in his tone. "But, if you insist upon it, come to my private room, and let us breakfast together first, then we will have the story over our cigars."

Accordingly, the two repaired to the apartment in question—a very snug one, on the ground-floor, but so strewn with documents and letters that it resembled a lawyer's sanctum. The morning meal—which, in the host's case, consisted of a game-pie and a tankard of strong ale—having been here dispatched, and their cigars lighted, Parson Whymper began as follows:

"It must have been in the autumn of 1821 that Carew finally left school—the public school of Harton. He got into some difficulties with the authorities—refused, I believe, to apologize for some misdemeanor—so that he had to be privately withdrawn—"

"I beg your pardon there," remarked Yorke, hastily. "He was expelled, as I happen to know for certain."

"Very likely," said the chaplain, slowly expelling the smoke from his lips; "indeed, I should say most likely. But remember mine is professedly an *ex parte* statement. Mrs. Carew—I mean Mrs. Carew the elder—is solely responsible for it. Of course, she softened down the facts against her son, and I have no doubt made compensation for so doing by highly coloring the offenses of her daughter-in-law. I told you, you would not like the story. Is it still your wish that I should proceed with it?"

"Yes, yes," said Yorke; "go on. I was a fool to interrupt you." But the chaplain noticed that the young man held his open palm before his face, under pretense of shielding it from the fire, and that his cheeks grew scarlet as the tale went on, nevertheless.

"Carew was not seventeen then, when he left school for the house of a gentleman of the name of Hardcastle, in Berkshire, as his private pupil. It was understood that he was to have his particular care and attention, but not his exclusive services. There were one or two other pupils—rather queer ones, as it would seem; but Mr. Hardcastle advertised in the newspapers for lads of position, but neglected education—young fellows, in short, who had proved unmanageable at home—and undertook to reform them by his system. It was no wonder, then, that Carew found some strange companions. The strangest of all, however, under the circumstances, was surely the tutor's niece, Miss Hardcastle herself."

"Why strangest?" interrupted Yorke.

"I think Mrs. Carew the elder meant to imply that this young lady, being possessed of great physical advantages, should have been the last person selected by Mr. Hardcastle as his house-keeper, and the companion of his pupils, and the more so since he was well aware, as it afterward turned out, that she had already succeeded in victimizing (such was Mrs. Carew's expression) one of these very lads. That was years ago, it is true; and it might well be imagined that a lady of the mature age of five-and-thirty might have outlived her charms; but in her particular case this was not so. Miss Hardcastle, as she was called, was still very beautiful, high-spirited, and an excellent horsewoman. She was also—if that had been necessary to obtain her purpose—well-read and accomplished. Being clever, good-looking, and not easily shocked, however, she was more than competent to secure the affections of young Carew. She was, nevertheless, as I have said, literally old enough to be his mother; and the idea of the affair having been a love-match, in the usual sense of the expression, was simply preposterous. That Miss Hardcastle was herself of this opinion seems evident from her having enjoined secrecy upon her youthful bridegroom. They lived together as man and wife, under Mr. Hardcastle's roof, for near six months before their marriage was proclaimed. Then young Mrs. Carew took a bold step: she persuaded her husband to bring her to his house, under the roof of which his mother was then residing. But they did not come (as one might have imagined) in the fashion of two runaway lovers, who seek forgiveness for their youthful ardor with penitence and submission. The bridegroom was full of wild mirth at having at last done something seriously to astonish the world. He was fond of his mother, after his own fashion; but so far from entreating her forgiveness, he did not even perceive any particular necessity for conciliation. The bride was full of triumph; she had not risked much, and she had won a great stake. It would have been better for her could she have borne her success with more modesty. Her mother-in-law was transported with rage, which she was too wise to exhibit. She knew her son far better than his new wife did; and she felt that opposition was for the present hopeless; but she took counsel with her son's guardian, and bided her time. It came at last, though very slowly. Carew was devoted to his spouse for a whole twelvemonth—a longer time than youth and beauty combined have ever enthralled him since. Even when her tender tones—for she had the sweetest voice that ever woman possessed—failed to thrill him, and her queenly form to charm, he would probably not have consented to take part against her, but for her own imprudence. She lost her temper with him upon a matter where it is difficult for the wisest of her sex to keep it: she grew jealous."

"Without cause?" inquired Yorke, gloomily. His cigar had gone out, though he still held it between his white lips.

"No; not without cause. That is a point, I fancy, about which my informant had her reasons for not being explicit."

"What!" cried the young man, indignantly. "She threw some one in her son's way, to divert his attention from his lawful wife?"

"Perhaps; I can't say for certain. I am not defending her, Mr. Yorke; but remember, she loved her son. She beheld him a victim to an artful woman. He was not in her eyes as he is in mine, and perhaps in yours. He had, she argued, capabilities of good, an affectionate and trustful nature; he was the best *parti* in the county, and had chosen his tutor's niece—a woman old enough to have borne him. Besides, she was *not* his lawful wife. The dowager had secretly taken legal opinion upon that matter, and was only waiting for an opportunity to test it. It was essential for this that her son should desire his own freedom, and at last he did so. I have told you the occasion. In the whirlwind of her wrath, your mother told Carew some home truths; above all, let him know she despised him, and had inveigled him into marriage. He had no other name for her, henceforth, but Serpent."

"I know," said Yorke. "Go on."

"It was within two months of your birth that this quarrel took place. Had you been born, and especially here at Crompton, I think the rupture would never have happened. Your grandmother felt that too, and did her utmost to precipitate matters, and, as you know, she was successful. Her daughter-in-law was compelled to leave the house, and an action was commenced in an ecclesiastical court. The validity of the marriage was contested on the ground of undue publication of the bans, both parties having a knowledge of the fact. I am a parson, you know, and this bit of law lies in my way. The bride appeared in the register as spinster, whereas she was the widow of an old pupil of her uncle's, whose surname you bear. It was not an easy victory by any means. The judge of the Consistory Court held that the inaccuracy in question was insufficient to invalidate the ceremony; but Carew, or rather your grandmother, appealed to the Court of Arches, and got the decision reversed. The marriage was therefore declared null and void. Very hard lines it was for you, Mr. Yorke; and—and that's the whole story."

"I thank you," said the young man, gravely. "I can easily imagine that it might have been told by other lips in harsher terms."

They were silent for full a minute, Yorke busying himself with the titles of the documents upon the table, written out in the chaplain's sprawling hand.

"Your mother must be a most remarkable woman," observed the latter, thoughtfully. "Is she still young-looking for her age?"

"Yes; very. What a queer docket is here! '*Tin Mine. Refused.*' What does that mean?"

"It is an application from one Trevethick, an inn-keeper, to purchase a disused mine at Gethin, on the west coast of Cornwall, which Carew has declined. Two thousand pounds was offered on the nail, a sum far beyond its value; but it is one of his crazes that his property there is very valuable, and it's evident that this Trevethick thinks so too—whereas it is only picturesque. For grandeur of position, Gethin Castle, or rather what is left of it, for it is a ruin, is indeed unequaled! You should take your sketch-book down there, some day. May I ask, by-the-by, are you only an amateur in that way, or a professional?"

"I am an artist by profession. I live by my pencil, save for what my mother allows me out of Carew's pittance. That is small enough, you know. Hollo! there are the hounds coming round to the front! I suppose Carew and the rest of them will soon be in the saddle?"

"And you have never made money by any other means?" pursued the chaplain, thoughtfully.

"Never. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it seemed so strange that a lad like you should find purchasers for his works," returned the chaplain, carelessly. "The Picture-gallery here will be of service to you, no doubt."

"Yes. I shall get my education at Crompton, if I get nothing else," said Yorke; "and indeed, as I have no desire to peril my neck out hunting, I shall set to work at once. Good-morning, Mr. Chaplain, and many thanks." And with a nod and a smile, the young man left the room.

Parson Whymper looked after him with a grave face. "I wonder whether Fane was right," he muttered. "He seemed quite positive; though, 'tis true, he owed him a grudge for potting him at pool. There was something wrong in that young fellow's face as he said 'Never,' when I asked him that question as to whether he gained money by other means. If he lied, the lying must have come from the mother's side. That woman must be a marvel. Well, I'm sorry, for I should have liked Richard Yorke to have had his chance here."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON—Fahren-heit.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your Honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said: "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hickley's gimlet."

The proprietor of a hotel was bustling about the other morning at ten o'clock with twenty things to do, when some one asked him why he didn't call up his clerk. "I sha'n't call him as long as I can help it," replied he; "for when he is in bed I know where he is, but after he's up I don't know where to find him."

A scene in a picture-gallery shows "a model model" in a man who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the picture to a lady visitor: "From whom did M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam; I order his frames, stretch his canvases, wash his brushes, set his pallet, and fix his colors. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on.*"

"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "Oh yes; I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now."

"My son," said an old lawyer, giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the necessity of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is clearly founded upon justice, insist upon the necessity of doing justice, even though the heavens should fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage in a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the old stager, "talk round it."

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

A lady from the country, who has lately become a resident of the city, was very much troubled at her son's long absence from home the other evening. A neighbor calling suggested that the boy had gone to see the elephant. "Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh of relief; "why didn't he tell me? I have no objections to his seeing the elephant, and didn't even know it was in town."

"A friend of ours," says the editor of a contemporary, "is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so weak now that he can't raise five dollars."

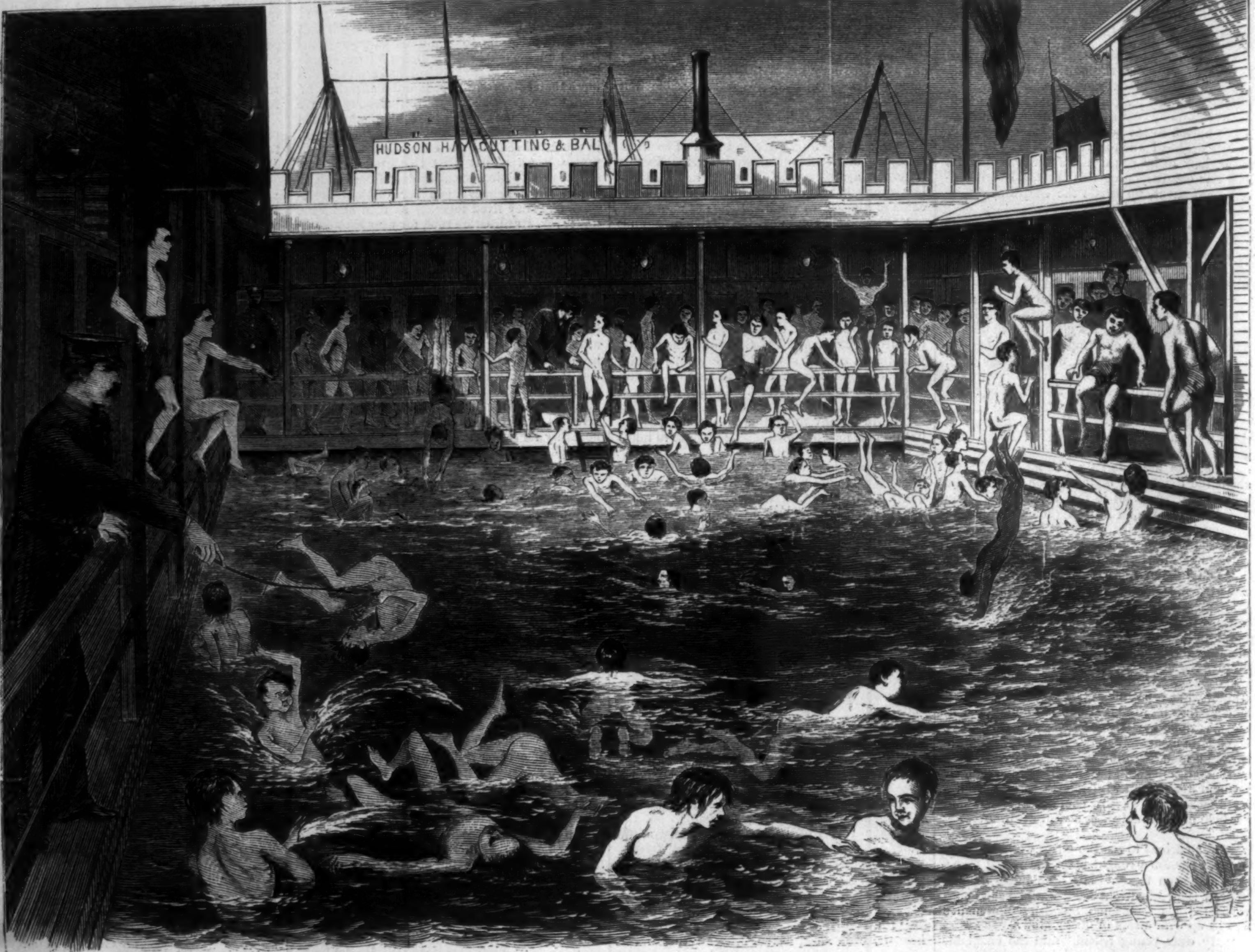
A Scotchman who had put up at an inn was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Ah, mon," replied Donald, "nae vera well either; but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for de'll ane o' them closed an e'e the hale nicht."

The New Bedford *Standard* records a little incident of Decoration-day, which occurred near that city. The exercises were in the open air—speakers, musicians, and returned soldiers in the centre, and the public outside of a circle formed by the marshals of the day. The military stood shoulder to shoulder, somewhat hiding the view from a genteel party in their immediate rear. A young man of the kid glove persuasion, stepping from their midst, approached, remonstratively, the military, and addressed them thus: "My dear fellows, you prevent our seeing; you are standing up there right in front of us." Answer by high private: "Yes, Sir; and we stood in front and covered you all through the war." Remonstrant subsided.

Few stories relating to witnesses are more laughable than that which describes the mathematical process by which Mr. Baron Parrot arrived at the value of certain conflicting evidence. "Gentlemen of the jury," this judge is represented to have said, in summing up the evidence in a trial where the witnesses had sworn with noble tenacity of purpose, "there are fifteen witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow in a ditch on the north side of the hedge. On the other hand, gentlemen, there are nine witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow on the south side of the hedge. Now, gentlemen, if you subtract nine from fifteen there remain six witnesses wholly uncontradicted; and I recommend you to give your verdict for the party who called those six witnesses."

This process, however, was hardly as clever as that of the Irish prisoner accused of stealing a shirt from a hedge. "Here are three people who saw you take it," said the magistrate. "Bad luck to them!" exclaimed Paudheen; "I can bring six honester people who'll swear they didn't see me take it!"

A teacher, catechising his scholars, put the following question: "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.


HUDSON HAY CUTTING & BAL... CO

INTERIOR OF A SWIMMING BATH.—[DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.]

INTERIOR OF SWIMMING BATH.

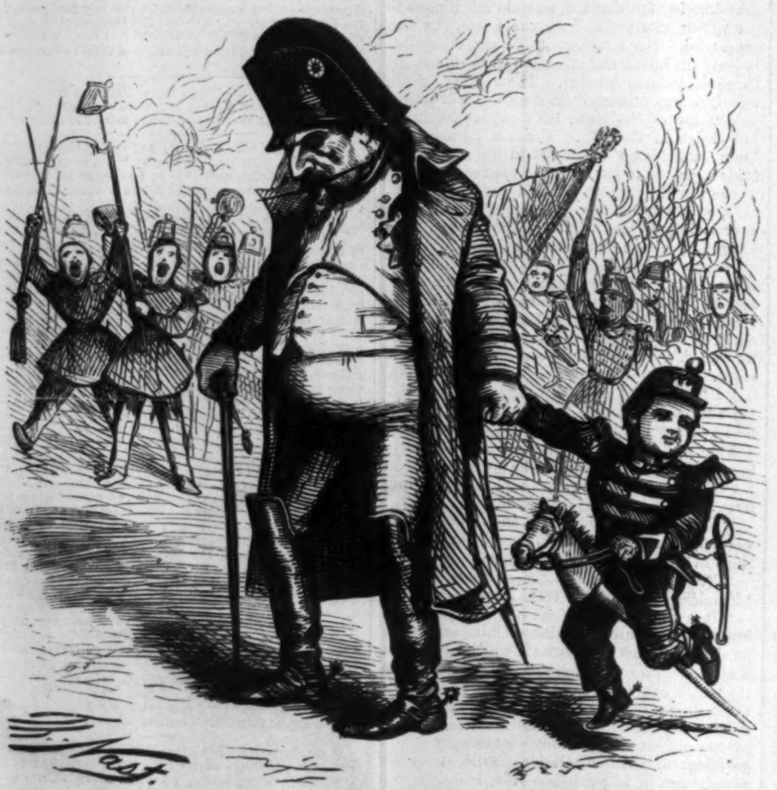
WE give on this page an illustration of the swimming bath at the foot of Charles Street, of which we gave an exterior view in the *Weekly* for July 16. It contains 68 rooms, the water is four and a half feet deep, and 200 bathers can be accommodated at one time. Each bather is allowed to remain in the water 30 minutes. There is another swimming bath of the same kind at the foot of Thirteenth Street, and both are crowded every day. The success of these experiments should lead to the establishment of other baths in sufficient numbers to accommodate all who desire to avail themselves of these healthful privileges. Such institutions are not only beneficial to the poor, who are unable to leave the hot and sweltering city during the summer, but to the whole community, as all are equally interested in preserving the health of our population.

OLD TREASURES.

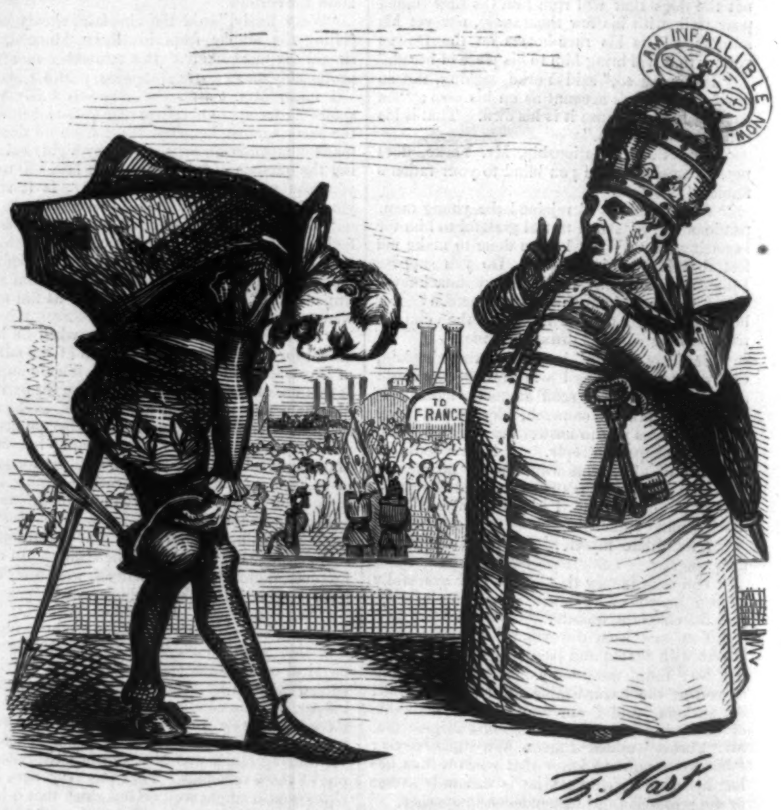
THE picture on page 537 is engraved from a water-color drawing by Mr. H. B. ROBERTS, a member of the English Institute of Painters in Water-Color. A lady is seen seated in an old wainscoted chamber, before a table on which is a casket, and the contents of which she is examining. In pensive mood she has laid her lute aside, and her attention is fixed mournfully, not upon the jewels nor the richer contents of the casket, but, it would seem, upon a few dry flower-petals and leaves. What story do they tell? Who is this melancholy lady? The costume she wears—her ruff, her head-dress, with its long veil, the slashed sleeves of her black velvet robe, tell us no more than that they belong to the middle of the sixteenth century. But what is the meaning of that inscription on the oak panel in the back-ground—"Eliz." and the date "1545," with an indefinite coat of arms between abbreviated name and date? Is this the lion-hearted Queen BESS herself in her more susceptible youth, before her features became so strongly marked as to render any mistake respecting her identity very difficult to make? Possibly the painter intended or may permit such suggestion, and, if so, the reader will not be slow to build up his own romance from the incident.

UNDINE.

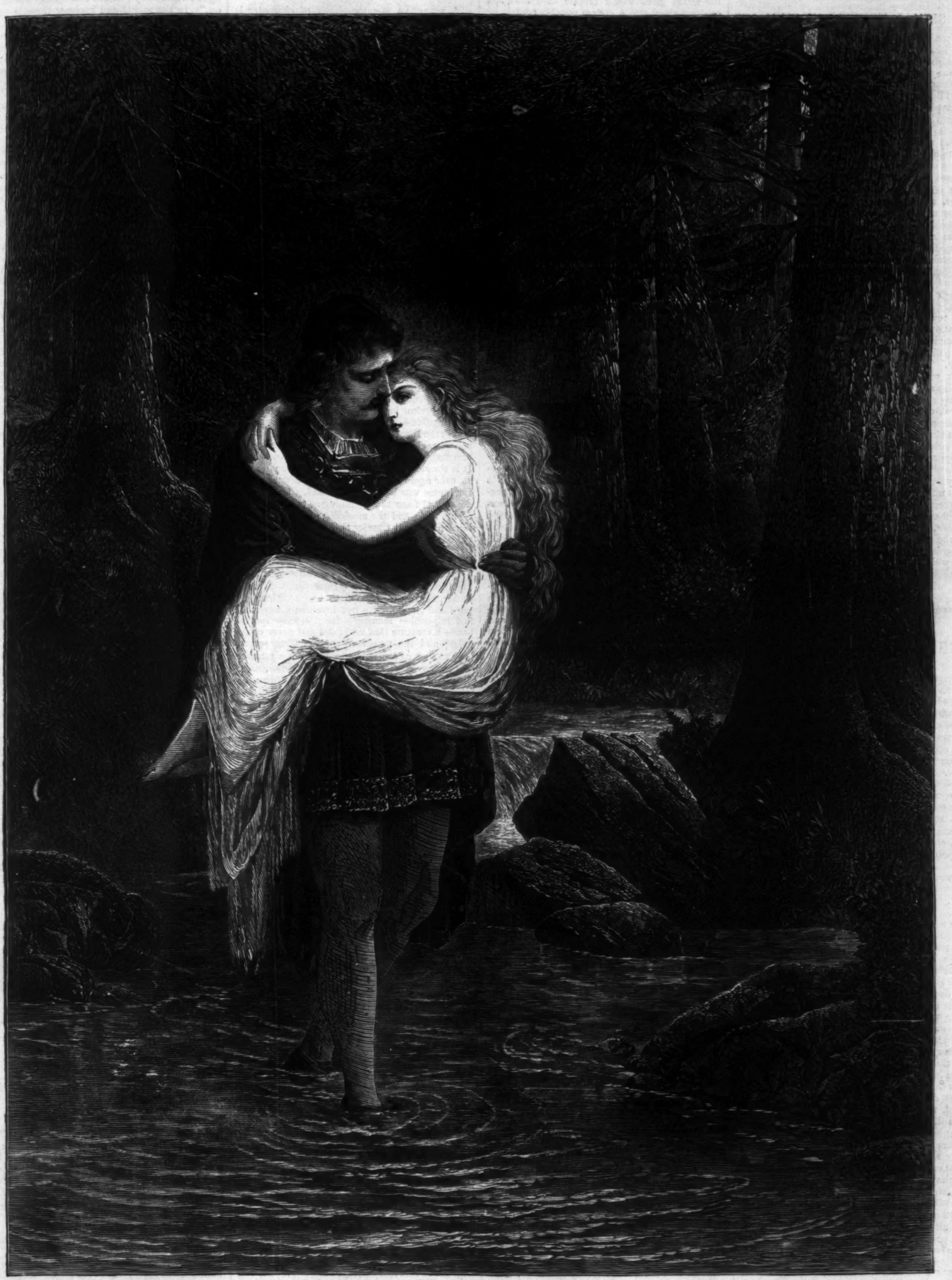
FOUQUÉ's most beautiful romance has rarely found a more appreciative illustrator than Miss STARR, an English artist, whose graceful picture, of which we give an engraving on page 541, was recently exhibited in the Royal Academy of London. The picture illustrates one of the most touching incidents of the romance. The handsome young knight, Huldebrand, the hero of the story, has wedded the lovely Naiad, or Undine. He had met her first, after traversing the enchanted forest, in the cottage of the humble fisherfolk, her foster-parents. He had become enamored of her beauty; her childlike artlessness, the very pranks which with soulless thoughtlessness she had played, had served but



"ROBBING THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE."



THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART—"*AU REVOIR!*"



"UNDINE."—[From a Painting by Miss Starr.]

to increase her fascination; he had braved the terrible midnight storm and the swollen torrent, the work of Undine's kinsman, the powerful sea-prince, when recovering her from the island where she had sought refuge from the chiding of her foster-mother; and the nuptials of the lovers had at length taken place. Undine herself had become possessed of a soul upon the only condition possible to her—a union of deepest love with one of the human race. From her love for the knight and for the gift of a soul she had rendered herself liable to suffer all the sorrows and disappointments of which the human race is susceptible. But she had still to tell him her true nature. So, when wandering together near the forest stream, now shrunk to a small brook, she, with tender anxious mystery, asked him to bear her to the small island from which he had before rescued her. Arrived there, she commenced the wondrous disclosure: "Thou shouldst know, my beloved," she began, "that there exist in the elements beings not very unlike you men, yet who seldom let themselves be seen by you. The marvelous salamanders glisten and sport in the flames; the rough, malicious gnomes dwell deep in the earth; the woods are haunted by spirits which are of the air, while the far-spread race of water-spirits live in lakes, and rivers, and brooks; they dwell, too, in resounding crystal vaults, through which heaven with its sun and stars shine in, and lofty coral plants with blue and red blossoms decorate their gardens; they wander over bright sands strewn with many-colored shells, and amidst all that the old world possessed of beautiful, which the present world is no longer worthy to enjoy, and which the waves conceal with their mysterious veil of silver. There are still preserved noble ruins, high and stately, gently laved by loving waters, which cherish about them delicate mosses and wreathing plants. Those who dwell there are pure, and lovely to look upon, fairer than even mankind." She proceeds to tell him of the fate of these beings, of the only means by which they can avoid their destiny; and then exclaims—"Now have I a soul; I thank thee for my soul, oh, thou unspeakably beloved! and evermore grateful shall I be if thou dost not by thy gift make me miserable during my future life; for what will become of me if thou hatest me, and drivest me from thee? Yet I would not detain thee by deceit. If thou wilt reject me, do it now; go back alone to the shore; I will plunge into that stream to my kinsman, who leads here a hermit-life away from his other friends. But he is powerful, and receives tribute from many great rivers; and as he bore me to the fisherman, a joyous, laughing child, so will he carry me back to my parents a loving, sorrowful woman gifted with a soul." Then follows the passage which Miss Starr directly illustrates: "She was about to add something more, when Huldebrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms and again bore her back to the shore. There, amidst tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beautiful wife."

SIGNAL TOWERS IN CUBA.

The great want of lines of communication in the island of Cuba has undoubtedly been the principal cause of the prolongation of the war. Railways exist only in the sugar districts, near Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas, excepting the short lines from Sagua, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos to the plantations, and that between Nuevitas and Puerto Principe. Regarding telegraphs, the island is but little better provided, and a good wagon road is something which exists only in the minds of enterprising individuals. Detachments of Spanish troops, perhaps only a league or two separating them, are as isolated from each other as if they were hundreds of miles apart, the entire interior being covered with dense and mountainous virgin forests, or else impassable swamps. In order to hold the country more firmly, the Spaniards have just inaugurated the building of towers, of which we give a sketch on page 532, combining the advantages of a signal tower and a fort. As the insurgents are unprovided with artillery, these forts, although they may be defended by only about twenty men, must be considered impregnable. The towers are built on glaces, having all the elevation possible, a moat surrounding the glacis, and an interior and exterior row of spikes and palisades make the mere approach very difficult. The lower part of the fort, being an earthwork surrounding a strong wooden frame, is bomb-proof, and protects its inmates from the enemy's bullets. In some of these forts a small swivel, or revolving cannon, will be placed.

These towers will be erected first on the line from Crega de Avila to Moron, at a distance of five miles from each other, and good roads will be opened between them. The signals will be made either by wooden blocks moved by a chain, or by flags from the tower, and with colored lanterns and rockets by night. It is supposed that the erection of these towers will mark a new era in Cuban warfare, and prove very injurious to the Cubans, whose leaders have given strict orders to use their utmost endeavors to prevent the work, recognizing the danger which threatens them, and which will enable the Spaniards to throw five thousand active and acclimated men into the field, who are now doing garrison duty at the numerous settlements and towns in the Cinco Villas and Central Department.

THE EXTINCTION OF WORLDS.

The progress of science enables us to trace, with a probability almost amounting to certainty, the career of a star from its birth; from the most diffused condition of its parent nebula; through the stage of primary agglomeration when it shines as our sun; through the process of cooling into a dim and cloudy spheroid, such as Jupiter or our earth; until cold rules supreme, and the once glowing orb rolls on, barren as our moon.

But when we have reached this stage we have by no means done with the star. It must continue on its course, and, though in obscurity, it must retain its momentum and its attractive force. Our sun will thus one day travel in darkness, attended by a cohort of funereal planets, and perpetual night will reign over the solar system. This result appears to be but a question of time, and we are, therefore, led to the consideration that many systems must, in all probability, be already extinct, and wandering unnoticed. But as extinction is a gradual process, there will be multitudes of stars in various stages of dimness, and the brilliancy of any orb, its "magnitude" in fact, will therefore depend on its age, quite as much as on its size or distance. On this view, Sir. W. Herschel's method of "star gauging" can not be relied on for a correct determination of the actual shape of the cluster called the "Milky-Way," as, instead of taking the average of brightness only as an indication of the average of distance, we have to superadd the average of age. Now, the smaller the star the more quickly will its light die out, and, therefore, the necessary extent of our galaxy is immensely reduced; in other words, it appears that while the space separating us from the nearer stars, for which parallax has been obtained, remains of course unchanged, the computed distances of those hitherto considered to be farthest off will be much lessened, as there appears to be no reason for concluding that telescopic stars are necessarily more distant than bright ones for which we can not obtain parallax, but simply that they are older, or smaller, or both, and therefore dimmer.

It will be readily allowed that, if the light of the stars be fading away, a vast number may have already become extinct, and that it is indeed possible that the orbs now visible may be but a small surviving remnant of far greater multitudes which once illumined the heavens. If our cluster then be much reduced in extent, and its constituents be largely increased in number, it would follow that the chances against collision would be much reduced. Let us suppose that collisions are possible, and that their frequency is merely a question of chances. What would be the consequences of such an event? It is possible that they would depend chiefly on the relative momenta of the colliding bodies; that if one were very much larger than the other, and the velocities high, the temperature would be raised sufficiently to dissipate the smaller into gas, while merely heating or, possibly, liquefying the larger. If the bodies were nearly of a size, and their momenta were great, possibly both would be reduced to a gaseous condition; in either case their tendency would be to form ultimately a body equal in weight to the sum of its two constituents. Either the larger body would annex the smaller, or, if both became nebulous, the fervid gases would radiate their heat and contract anew into a system possibly containing a sun and planets.

Again, supposing that two bodies approach each other in such a manner as to avoid a collision, that is, so that their mutual gravity causes them to leave their paths and revolve round each other, we should have the explanation of the existence of double, treble, multiple stars; we should also understand how it happens that some stars (Sirius, for instance) are accompanied by non-luminous orbs. Also, it would seem that if extinct stars are really far more numerous than is generally supposed, the theory which regards the revolution of attendant dark bodies as one cause of the variability of certain stars receives fresh support.

Thus, in the course of time, nebulæ would form suns, suns would grow cold, or, while yet glowing, would come into contact and combine with other suns, till gradually space would be peopled with suns, larger and larger, but less and less thickly strewn. Pursuing the idea, we arrive at a period when all the stars of each galaxy shall become agglomerated into one mighty globe—nay, when all these vast galactic suns shall come together and form one solitary orb, in which all the matter once scattered through space shall be collected, accomplishing its successive fates as a sun without a system—a world without a sun—a cold and naked ball.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

In his young days Faraday used to attend Kean's performances with intense interest, and later in his life he used to admire the splendid representations of the Shakspearean drama, produced under the superintendence of Mr. Macready; and Jenny Lind's delicious voice occasionally charmed him to forget his cares. He loved music, had a fine ear, and could sing agreeably; indeed, there was hardly any form of excellence in art or nature to which his sensitive temperament was not keenly alive. He took great pleasure in a good novel, and some notes exist of a conversation upon this subject which he held with a friend at the house of Mrs. M——, in Clarges Street, one of the few houses where he was wont to appear now and then at an evening party. It was a winter evening, in the month of January, 1856. A favorite cat was in the refreshment-room, decorated with ribbons, and sitting in an arm-chair. Faraday, taking a glass of punch, presented it abruptly to the nose of the cat, and said, "Ah! you great silly cat, with your bow of ribbon, how do you like that?" The cat drew itself up offended. "Puss is not fond of punch," said Faraday, "but perhaps you are!"—addressing a lady who was playing with the cat; and then followed some talk which presently turned upon novels, and the entertainment to be got out of them, and Faraday said, "I like the stirring ones—with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little philosophy. Why, I can do the philosophy for myself; but I want the novelist to supply me with incident and change of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does a man good to get out of his daily pursuits, and to air his thoughts a little."

He then mentioned the novel of "Paul Ferroll" as having stir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern one I like very well, too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the top of his house." This was the novel of "Jane Eyre;"—"and," said he, "it is very clever, and keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields; but there's a touch of mesmerism and mystery at the end, which would be better away."

This observation led to a discussion of modern superstitions, and Faraday spoke forcibly against the follies of table-rappers and turners.

"What a clumsy matter," he said, "is all this knocking of tables, this new way of calling up the spirits of the dead, through mediums who never tell us any thing worth hearing...... It seems sickening even for a sensible man to think of; but there is no end to the inconsistency and weakness of human nature. Why, there was the belief in witches; there were plenty of good and great men who held to that. Well, it was not worse than the rapping-spirit faith; indeed it was better—there was more fun in it."

It was observed in reply that our present age had one superiority over the past: we no longer burned our fellow-creatures.

"Yes," said Faraday, "but observe that when the fagots went out, the witches went out. Why, all the sport was in the burning."

He then spoke of that curious story called the "Amber Witch," and this led to some further comments on romance writing, and to an eloquent eulogium of Sir Walter Scott. He spoke of "Ivanhoe," and said, "What a fine chivalrous thing that is! There's the tournament, and the Jewess, and the Templar, with his gallant bearing, and his strange mixed character, wonderful, perplexing as human nature itself! And then how finely those two serving-men stand out in contrast—the strong Gurth, and the witless Wamba, with their dog Fangs, who adds something too to the interest. Why, this is a romance indeed! Then there's 'Guy Mannering,' and 'Quentin Durward,' and 'Waverley,' and the poor 'Bride of Lammermoor'—but that's a sad one—and a whole host of others."

Then some remarks were made upon the novels of social life, and Miss Burney's "Evelina" was mentioned, and Faraday remembered reading it a great many years ago. "You know," he said, "I was a boy in a bookbinder's shop; there were plenty of books there, and I read them." He had himself bound some copies of "Evelina."

MR. PICKWICK.

A singular metamorphosis of character is perceptible in "Pickwick." The hero is, in the opening chapter, little better than a fatuous old idiot, perpetually thrusting his nose into affairs which do not concern him; incessantly starting on the wildest of wild-goose chases, the butt of every wag, the easy dupe of every swindler. Jingle cheats him, Job Trotter laughs at him, Mrs. Bardell bubbles him, Dodson and Fogg play at battle-door and shuttle-cock with him, a schoolmistress locks him in a cupboard; he has scarcely strength of mind enough to resist the extortion of an impudent cabman. As to Sam Weller, when we are first introduced to him he is simply a low blackguard, and next door to what, in the present era, would be termed a "rough." He confesses that his early knowledge of the world has been gained—after he was turned out of doors by his father—by roaming about the streets and sleeping in the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, or on the "twopenny rope" in low lodging-houses. This is not even true to burlesque art, for the son of a well-to-do stage-coachman and licensed victualer should not have been reduced to such shifts. But, as the story progresses, all this changes. The doddering, prying, pottering old simpleton Pickwick grows to be a philanthropist of the kindest and noblest heart, the widest and tenderest sympathies. He is discriminating in his goodness, he is delicate in his benevolence. He is every inch a gentleman. Thus it is also with Sam Weller. The waif and stray of the London slums, the grimy drudge of the inn-yard in the Borough, develops into a servitor heroically devoted to his master, and capable—witness his voluntary incarceration in the Fleet, and his refusal to wed the pretty house-maid when his master is anxious to make him happy—of the noblest acts of self-sacrifice. It is the story of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza over again; but with this single exception: Cervantes was bound by no bond. He was independent from the beginning as to the conduct of his fable and the moulding of his characters' idiosyncrasies. Charles Dickens, on the contrary, began "Pickwick" in some kind of leading-strings. In the outset he was only engaged as a clever young man who could "write to cuts"—that is to say, who could furnish some amusing literary matter to accompany the etchings of Mr. Seymour. The artist was a caricaturist pure and simple. He had invented a diverting but impossible monster—the Cockney sportsman—a creature that never did and never could exist; and the machinery of the Club served only at first as a means of entangling a number of Cockney sportsmen in ludicrous adventures. Mr. Winkle was to be the real hero of Seymour's Cockney romance; and on him and the dolt Tupman, and the mere ass Snodgrase, the artist evidently meant to fasten all the comic mischances he could conceive.

The trammels which, in the early numbers of "Pickwick," encompassed the author, are manifest in the etching of the sportsman with his preternaturally wise dog, to elucidate which Dickens has been fain to paraphrase one of Jesse's "anecdotes." The cut, in fine, was done, and had to be written to. But no sooner had death removed poor Seymour than the wielder of the pen shook himself free, at once and forever, from the controlling influence of the pencil. The draughtsman was to be henceforth not his master, but his slave; and his early divorce from George Cruikshank (who only illustrated two of his works) may have been due to a half-unconscious impatience on his part of collaboration with another man of original genius (for George was undoubtedly, according to his lights, a creator); and Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Nancy had about them, pictorially, so strong a stamp of originality, that they had, to a certain extent, to be "written up to."

GARDENS.

I would recommend every man, in the autumn of his life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is rest-in-work or work-in-rest. It is not idleness; it is not stagnation—and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal, it has its failures and its disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards. And, perhaps, if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows that come over the scene. The discipline, too, is most salutary. It tries one's patience and it tries one's faith. The perpetual warfare that seems ever to be going on between the animal and the vegetable world is something strange and perplexing. It is hard to understand why the beautiful tender blossoms and the delicate fresh leaflets of my rose-trees should be covered with green flies and destroyed as soon as they are born. It is a mystery which I can not solve; but I know that there is a meaning in it, and that it is all decreed for good, only that I am too ignorant to fathom it. And even in the worst of seasons there is far more to reward and encourage than to dishearten and to disappoint. There is no day of the year without something to afford tranquil pleasure to the cultivator of flowers, something on which the mind may rest (using the word in its double sense) with profit and delight. If there is no new surprise, no fresh discovery for you, there is always something to be done. "The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both," wrote Dr. Arnold in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and wife—"there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on." In the spring and summer there is some pleasure-giving change visible every morning, something to fulfill and something to excite expectation. And even in the winter, flower culture has its delights. If you have a green-house or conservatory, no matter how small, you have an indoors garden, in which you may watch the same changes and enjoy the same delights. And if you have not, you may still do something to preserve your nurslings during the rigors of the hibernal season. Indeed, there are few states of life in which floriculture is not an available enjoyment. To rich and to poor it is a blessing equally accessible. "As gardening," it was observed by Sir William Temple, who has had a new lease of life in one of the best of Macaulay's "Essays," "has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public and private men, a pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low." I am disposed, indeed, to think that to men of low estate it yields greater joys than to those who hail from high places. I have got a little garden about the size of a rich man's dining-table. I am as fond of it, and, when the roses are in bloom, as proud of it too, as the Duke can be of his world-renowned Chatsworth. I do not suppose that if I could bring as many acres as I please under floral cultivation, and have as many gardeners as I choose to hire, with another Paxton at the head of them, I should derive from them all a tenth part of the enjoyment that is now vouchsafed to me by my little strip of suburban soil. Indeed, in that ducal case, I should not be suffered to garden; I must be gardened for; they would be the gardener's roses, not mine; I should have merely the privilege of looking at them. And it is essential to any real enjoyment of a garden that you should be an autocrat in it, that you should do much of the work yourself, and have a particular knowledge of each individual flower. But there are lowlier gardeners even than I; there are gardens to which my diminutive domain is a Chatsworth—gardens limited to the capacity of a window-sill. I honor those window-gardeners, especially those who dwell in towns; in narrow streets or murky alleys; and whose homes are made beautiful by the smiles of the flowers in their windows; gardeners such as I have spoken of above, as seen from my windows in Lincoln's Inn, carrying their gardens in their hands, beautiful off-shoots of the great garden which ever flourishes between Long Acre and the Strand. And even of this window-gardening there are many degrees; descending even down to one delicate plant, reared perhaps from a slip beneficently given by a neighbor, in a fragment of a broken water-jug. There seems to be something of the old paradisiacal beatitude in these modest cultivations. I saw yesterday, as I journeyed homeward-bound, after my day's work, to the station, whence I take train to my suburb, a woman at a second-floor window in Westminster (it is a house ancient and decrepit, doubtless doomed to speedy deletion) amidst a perfect Eden of many-colored and many-shaped flowers and creepers, picking off the dead leaves here and there. Neither youth nor beauty physically belonged to her; but the picture was not without a suggestiveness of youth and beauty; for the love of flowers keeps the heart young, and the greater the difficulty of indulging that love the greater the moral beauty of success in the cultivation of a purifying taste. I could readily associate with it the idea of a back-ground, behind that festooned window, in which, notwithstanding all the ordinary troubles and disturbances of metropolitan work, there is, at appointed times, a fine air of repose—a soothing benignity of rest.

NETTLE RASH.

"Penn Yan, N. Y., *March* 11, 1858.

"Dr. Stafford, —For eight years my wife had suffered almost daily with the Nettle Rash—so the doctor called it. The three packages of Iron and Sulphur Powders I sent for has cured her. She has had no itching for more than two months. Inclosed you will find $1 00 for another package for a friend similarly afflicted. If they do as well in this case, you can sell lots of them in Yates County. Send by return mail.

"Yours respectfully, Simon G. Elbrock."

Sold by druggists. 1 package, $1 00; 3 packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Registered letters or post-office orders sent at our risk.—Hall & Ruckel, Wholesale Druggists, 218 Greenwich Street, New York.

FACTS FOR BUILDERS.

All who contemplate building or making improvements can save time and money, and build more intelligently, by consulting the practical Elevations, Plans, and Details contained in "*Bicknell's Village Builder*"—one large volume of 55 plates, just published, price $10 00, postpaid. Descriptive circulars of new Architectural Books and Journals mailed free.—A. J. Bicknell & Co., Publishers, Troy, N. Y., and Springfield, Ill.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MICROSCOPES,

Binocular, Monocular, Simple, and Compound. Prepared Objects in endless variety. Illustrated Catalogue, 10 cents. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
are offering
the Balance of their Summer Stock of
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S READY-MADE GARMENTS,
at extremely low prices.

WHITE VICTORIA-LAWN SUITS,
Tucked and Ruffled,
In great variety.

CHINTZ-LAWN SUITS,
Great Bargains.

LINEN TRAVELING SUITS, PIQUE SUITS,
White, Colored, and Braided,
at popular prices.

CHILDREN'S LINEN AND PIQUE DRESSES,
GABRIELLES, &c.,
proportionately cheap.

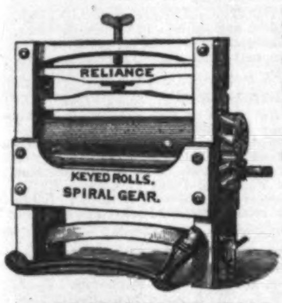
A choice variety of
PANIER BEDOUINS.

SEA-SIDE ZEPHYR JACKETS,
White, trimmed with colors.

BROADWAY, FOURTH AVENUE, NINTH AND TENTH STREETS.

Reliance Wringer,

IMPROVED.


RELIANCE
KEYED ROLLS.
SPIRAL GEAR.

Keyed Rolls. White Rubber. Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Has Curved Clamp. Fits any Tub.

The Best.

The Cheapest.

TRY IT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL CO.,
29 Beekman St., N.Y.] PROV., R. I.

THE TRAVELER'S VADE-MECUM.

A POCKET DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Abridged from Webster's Quarto, illustrated with nearly TWO HUNDRED Engravings on Wood.
By Wm. G. Webster and Wm. A. Wheeler.

This compendious and comprehensive little volume embraces a careful selection of more than 18,000 of the most important words of the language. The introduction contains, besides the Pictorial Illustrations, Tables of Money, Weight, and Measure, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Foreign Languages, Rules for Spelling, &c., &c.; making altogether the most complete and useful pocket companion extant. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and bound in three different styles. Cloth, 75 cts.; flexible, 85 cts.; tucks, gilt edges, $1. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO., Publishers,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

ESTB. **ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'** 1809.

SAPOLIO

For General Household Purposes

Is BETTER and CHEAPER than SOAP.

IF—IF—IF

Your HAIR is falling off or turning Prematurely Gray, if you are troubled with Dandruff, Humor on the Scalp, or Headache, send for "*Treatise on the Human Hair,*" which is sent post free by PROCTER BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

$240 per month to Agents. 15 entirely new articles, staple as flour. Samples and instructions free. Address C. M. LININGTON, 88 S. Halstead St., Chicago.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The Subscriber, having located his Subscription-Book business in the office of HARPER & BROTHERS, is now prepared to offer better inducements, it is believed, than any publisher of subscription-books. The works for which his Agents are now canvassing are the following:

M'CLINTOCK & STRONG'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. A work adapted to the wants of all classes, being a library in itself.

WOMAN'S RECORD; or, Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Women. By Mrs. S. J. HALE. With more than 200 Portraits. The interest that is now awakened in the public mind in regard to the rights, duties, and privileges of women will commend this work to the liberal patronage of both sexes.

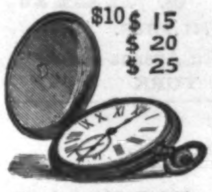
THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several hundred Engravings.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: His Life and Teachings. Illustrated by Reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of his Times. A household book for every Christian family.

The above are all beautifully illustrated; and, being works of the highest merit, Agents may feel assured that in offering them for sale they are conferring a favor to the public and benefiting themselves.

Persons now in the business or desiring to engage in it, *and meaning business*, will address, for full particulars,

AVERY BILL,
Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



The celebrated IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth St. (up stairs), **New York.**

Cut Paper Patterns

OF SUITS IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear fortnightly in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure*, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

The following patterns are now ready:

WATTEAU STREET SUIT	No. 22
TRAINED CARRIAGE SUIT	" 24
WALKING SUIT	" 26
COUNTRY WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
SEA-SIDE COSTUME	" 32
SUMMER WALKING SUIT	" 34

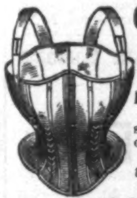
The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2 00.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MADAM FOY'S

COMBINED



Corset, Skirt Supporter, and BUSTLE

Is just the article needed by every lady who consults

HEALTH, COMFORT, and STYLE.

Testimonials in its favor are constantly being received from all parts of the country.

Lady Agents wanted in every county of the United States.

HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.

MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16; Press and Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

Fishing in American Waters.

Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Farming. To the angler or the fish-culturist Scott's book on "Fishing in American Waters" will prove a real *vade-mecum* in every thing about angling and breeding fishes.

Sent throughout the United States, postpaid, for $3 50. HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE for YOUNG LADIES, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Established in 1849. Excellent opportunities for a complete English education. Ancient and Modern Languages, Art, Music, Elocution, and Gymnastics thoroughly taught. Also, **VASSAR COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.** Special course of study furnished by Pres't Raymond. Scholastic Year begins Sept. 12, 1870. For Catalogue, address the Principals, GEO. W. COOK, A.M., and MARY B. JOHNSON.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

OTIS BISBEE, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

A wide-awake, thorough-going School for boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY,

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,

Re-opens September 14th. The best features of European and Home schools. Especial attention to Modern Languages, Music, and Art. Lewis' Gymnastics. Terms, inclusive, from $500 to $800.

For the Prospectus, address the Rector, REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, by post.

LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY, at AUBURNDALE, Mass., ten miles west of Boston. Instruction thorough, careful, complete. Advantages for Music, Painting, French, and German unsurpassed. Particular attention paid to common and solid branches. Teachers chosen with great care. Number limited to 40. Next year begins Sept. 15. Address CHAS. W. CUSHING.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE AND CLAVERACK COLLEGE.—A first-class Boarding School for both sexes. College course for ladies and academic course for ladies and gentlemen. Nine departments. Term opens Sept. 5. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., President, Claverack, Col. Co., N. Y.

LIVINGSTON PARK SEMINARY. — Family School for Young Ladies, Rochester, N.Y. Year begins Sept. 7th, 1870. A full course of study. Health, Recreation, and Culture. Send for Circular.
MRS. C. M. CURTIS, MISS C. J. BROWN, Principals.

C. B. WARRING'S MILITARY BOARDING SCHOOL for BOYS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Send for Circular.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

MICROSCOPES. {Illustrated Price-List sent free on application.
T. H. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT
TRADE MARK

The only genuine domestic Extract. Better and cheaper than all others. A. GLANZ, Sole Agent,
194 William St., N. Y.

Maps and Plans of European Cities.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map and 44 other Maps and Plans of Cities. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Revised Edition: Ninth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a new and Improved Method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers." By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit Rules for the Pronunciation of the different Languages. Square 4to, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

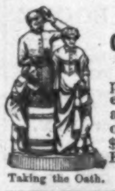
Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.



Taking the Oath.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF STATUARY.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, &c., at reduced prices, warranted and sent by express C. O. D., to be examined before paid for. Liberal terms to the Trade, Agents, or Clubs. Write for a price catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 179 Smithfield Street, PITTSBURGH, Pa.
N.B. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.

HOW 'TIS DONE; or, The Secret Out. Mustache and Whiskers in **42** days. This **Great Secret** and **100** others. Gamblers' Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the **ORIGINAL "Book of Wonders."** A valuable book. 17,000 sold. 18th edition. Mailed free for **25** cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE—*simple, cheap, reliable.* Knits Every thing. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, N. Y.

POCKET REVOLVERS!—The "Excelsior Six-Shooter," a new patent, 4⅛-inch barrel, revolving breech; will penetrate 1 inch of solid oak at 10 rods. *Warranted* to give satisfaction. Sent by express, charges paid, for $1 75. Address
A. W. MINER, Kenosha, Wis.

500 AGENTS wanted to sell the beautiful *Photograph Marriage Certificates.* For particulars, send stamp to CRIDER & BROS., Publishers, YORK, PA.

$5 to $20.—IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCHES. Send for circular. JOHN FOGGAN, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—The Nation, N. Y.

The young lady who buys a single number of HARPER'S BAZAR is made a subscriber for life.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Harper's Bazar.

A REPOSITORY OF

FASHION, PLEASURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

HARPER'S BAZAR has gained a success the most rapid and wonderful ever known in the annals of journalism, and is recognized as the best and most attractive family paper ever issued. As an illustrated chronicler of Fashion it is without a rival in this country. By a special arrangement, involving great expense, with the publishers of the Berlin *Bazar*—the leading journal of fashion in Europe—its fashion-plates are published in New York simultaneously with their appearance in Berlin and Paris.

A large portion of the BAZAR is every week devoted to instructive and entertaining reading-matter—Stories, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Gossip. The Editorial articles are always spicy, and cover every topic of social interest. No effort and no expense will be spared to permanently secure for this journal the victory which it has won so rapidly, and which it so well deserves.

Cut paper Patterns of the beautiful Paris Costumes in HARPER'S BAZAR, outside the regular Supplement, graded to fit any figure from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, with the names and directions for putting together printed on each separate piece of the pattern, will be sent by the Publishers prepaid by mail on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and bust measure. The same patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris. Dressmakers supplied with the entire set of nine sizes at $2 00. Newsdealers supplied at the usual discount. In ordering, please specify the number of Bazar containing suit and send bust measure.

In the BAZAR for April 16 was commenced "*The Cryptogram,*" a serial story of thrilling interest, by the Author of "Cord and Creese," "The Dodge Club," &c., profusely illustrated.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an illustrated record of, and a commentary upon all the important events of the time. Due attention is also given to topics of especial and local interest. The best artists in the country are constantly engaged in the department of Illustration, and the Publishers are also largely indebted to photographers in all the large cities of America, Europe, and the East for prompt and valuable contributions.

As a Literary Journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY is recognized as the only illustrated newspaper which has ever succeeded in establishing and maintaining a claim to pre-eminence.

The Editorial matter of HARPER'S WEEKLY constitutes one of its most prominent features; it includes weekly articles upon National Politics, Finance, Commerce, and Miscellaneous topics.

Published Weekly, with profuse Illustrations.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Best Monthly Periodical, not in this country alone, but in the English language.—*The Press*, Phila.

Harper's Magazine.

The June Number began the *Forty-first Vol.* of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Its success hitherto—unrivaled by that of any other monthly periodical in Europe or America—has been due to the popular character and variety of its contents; to the enterprise of its Publishers in securing for its pages, at any cost, the best literary contributions of English and American writers; to its profusely-illustrated articles of Travel and Exploration; to the promptness, authenticity, and popular treatment of its papers upon scientific subjects, upon the mechanical improvements of the age, and upon current topics; and to the variety and interest of its special Editorial Departments—to which recently a new one has been added, viz., the Monthly Scientific Record. The elements upon which the past success of the Magazine has depended will still continue to be its leading characteristics; and its Publishers are confident that with increased attention to the wants of the reading public they will be able to enhance even its present popularity.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language. Thus the ample space at the disposal of its Publishers will enable them to treat fully of all the topics embraced in their plan.

Published Monthly, with profuse Illustrations.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.